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CAROLINE

OF

LICHTFIELD.

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LICHTFIELD,

A NOVEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

OF

M. THOMAS HOLCROFT.

THE SECOND EDITION

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

M,DCC,LXXXVI.

Montolieu, Isabelle, baronne de

CAROLINE

OF

LICHTFIELD;

A NOVEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

By THOMAS HOLCROFT.

Idole d'un cœur juste, & passion du Sage,
Amitié, que ton nom soutienne cet ouvrage;
Règne dans mes écrits, ainsi que dans mon cœur,
Tu m'appris à connoître, à sentir, le bonheur.

VOLTAIRE.

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CAROLINE

OF

LICHTFIELD.*

THE Baron of Lichtfield was High Chamberlain and Miniſter of State to the King of Pruſſia. "Caroline," ſaid he to his daughter, as they one day ſat at breakfaſt, "tell me, (the Baron had an inſinuating ſmile as he ſpoke, with ſomewhat

* Not Litchfield in England, but Lichtfield, a ſuppoſed Pruſſian title.

of penetration in his look) tell me, dear Caroline, is thy heart free?"

"Sir!"

Caroline did not immediately comprehend his meaning.

"It is two months ſince I brought thee to court, from the retreat in which thou hadſt been educated; and haſt thou ſeen nobody, in that ſhort ſpace, no young courtier, to whom thy heart would give a preference?"

Caroline was but ſixteen, and the queſtion was of that kind that uſually embarraſſes, when addreſſed to a virgin of ſixteen. Caroline, however, might reply without dread or heſitation. Her young boſom,

as

as pure and tranquil as in the ſerene and jocund days of infancy, had never ſighed, except for pleaſures innocent and pure as itſelf. A new blown roſe, a favourite bull-finch, or a fairy tale, had, hitherto, been the general limits of her hopes and fears. Theſe pleaſures, indeed, ſince ſhe had come to court, had been ſomewhat ſuperſeded by a ball, a concert, or a new-faſhioned cap; but that man might influence the happineſs of her life had never yet entered her imagination. Thoſe who were the beſt and moſt indefatigable dancers, certainly, gave her the greateſt ſatisfaction, while at an aſſembly; but, the ball over, Caroline could ſweetly ſleep twelve hours together, awake with a ſong, and prepare for a new appointment, without thinking of the partner with whom ſhe laſt had danced.

Her father had therefore rather ſurpriſed than confuſed her; and, after a ſhort ſilence, ſhe replied, "Your queſtion, papa, is very ſingular!"

"It is very natural, my dear," ſaid the Baron: "and, moreover, I will endeavour to ſhew you it is likewiſe very important. Liſten to me ſeriouſly, Caroline," continued he, drawing his chair cloſer to hers, and tenderly claſping her hand. "You have the misfortune to be the only daughter of the High Chamberlain of Pruſſia, and heireſs to twenty-five thouſand crowns a year."

The mixture of irony and ſatisfaction viſible in his countenance, though unſeen by Caroline, while rehearſing his titles and eſtate, proved, too powerfully, that theſe his misfortunes were his ſupreme pleaſures.

pleasures. But it was necessary to his present purpose to assume a philosophic, a disinterested, and a sentimental air, thereby to inspire awe, and, by affecting the passions, to read the heart, and induce obedience. This was the more easy for him to effect, in that he was not only perfectly a courtier, but had a degree of natural eloquence, which supplied the want of a sound understanding, or a feeling heart. Besides, it is not easy, at sixteen, to discover the face of honesty from the mask, especially when a father speaks.

The word misfortune, however, had somewhat surprised Caroline; who, thinking she perhaps had misunderstood, repeated, smiling, "Misfortune, papa!"

"Yes, misfortune, my child," replied the Baron, apparently affected. "I see, with pleasure, you know not as yet all the consequences of these seeming blessings, for this informs me you still remain such as I could wish you to be."

A thousand confused ideas were crossing and combating one another in the mind of Caroline. Misfortune and herself had never, before, been united, in her imagination: the idea, for a moment, made her melancholy, and she stood, with downcast eyes, unconsciously plucking the leaves of a rose, which she held in her white and virgin hand.

"Yes, my dear daughter," said the Baron, rising, and gravely walking the room, "it is often one of our greatest misfortunes

fortunes to be born of noble parents, and to be poſſeſſed of vaſt domains. The chain, I own, is gilt, but is not the leſs heavy, or the leſs a chain." (The Baron was charmed to hear his own wit.) "Yet I hope," added he, aſſuming a cheerful ſmile of benignity, "I hope, my Caroline, the chains that thou ſhalt wear ſhall hang lightly, and be ever worn with grace and pleaſure."

The Baron pauſed, and Caroline looked up, vainly endeavouring to comprehend to what this his preface tended. He continued:

"My dear girl, the firſt wiſh of my heart has ever been thy felicity. Long have I foreſeen (the Baron ſighed, but the Baron was a courtier), long feared, that not on me, but on a Monarch, whoſe power is abſolute, and muſt not be controverted, thy

deſtiny would depend—No, not on a tender father! To avoid, therefore, heaping on thee the diſtreſs, the torment, of combating affections which may not be conſulted, ever ſince the death of thy mother, I have committed thy education to a friend, whoſe care and retired ſituation have preſerved thy heart free. I have ſacrificed the ſweet pleaſure of living with my child, of ſuperintending her education, and being myſelf delighted with her progreſs, to her future happineſs; and, if I have ſecured this happineſs, my ſelf-denial will be more than repaid."

"Ah, my dear dear father!" cried Caroline, kiſſing the Baron's hand, which ſhe moiſtened with her tears, unable to expreſs her ſenſations. Somewhat ſhe would have added, but he interrupted her.

"The

" The moment is arrived, my daughter, in which the ſucceſs of all my precautions muſt be aſcertained. Two months ſince (thou wert then at Rindaw) the King told me he ſhould with pleaſure behold thee united to the Count of Walſtein, his known favourite, and his preſent Ambaſſador to Peterſburgh. Notwithſtanding that this marriage might even exceed the utmoſt wiſhes of a father, I alledged thy great youth, in hopes to ſee the ceremony deferred, and longer to enjoy thy company, longer to behold thee a part of myſelf.

" The King replied, thy ſociety I might and ſhould enjoy as ſoon as thou wert married. Caroline, ſaid he, muſt now be ſixteen; it is time ſhe ſhould come to adorn my court, and make my Walſtein happy. He will return immediately from his embaſſy; ſend,

therefore, for your daughter, and the nuptials ſhall as immediately take place.

"I could make no reply to a command ſo preciſe; and, as thou knoweſt, I directly came and brought thee hither. But ſcarcely had we returned before I learnt the Count was fallen dangerouſly ill on the road, and that his arrival and our intents were, for a while, ſuſpended. I, therefore, thought it uſeleſs to ſpeak to thee of a marriage which, perhaps, might never take place; and I was willing to ſee thee enjoy, for a moment, the ſweet illuſions of youth. Yeſterday evening, however, the Count returned, recovered from his illneſs, and the King ſent inſtantly for me, preſented my future ſon-in-law, and bade me prepare for this marriage with all poſſible ſpeed. Thou ſeeſt I could no longer delay to inform thee of the

will

will of my Sovereign: thou ſeeſt, my child, thy deſtiny is fixed. My fear was that, during the two months thou haſt been at court, thy young heart might, unfortunately, have ſelected ſome one of the youths thou haſt ſeen there. Thus, what ſhould have been thy happineſs would, then, have been thy miſery; but I ſee, with tranſport, thy heart is yet untouched; thy preſent ſimplicity and innocence are certain proofs, and my Caroline may now comply, may give me her promiſe, that ſhe will willingly become the Counteſs of Walſtein, and the Ambaſſadreſs of Ruſſia. Wilt thou not, my Caroline? Wilt thou not, my child?"

Theſe fine titles, emphatically dwelt on, dazzled the young fancy of Caroline. Aſtoniſhed, taken by ſurpriſe, and conceiving nothing ſo wonderful and ſo charming as

all at once to become an Ambaſſadreſs, and a Counteſs, ſhe raiſed her charming blue eyes, and looking at her father, while they ſparkled with pleaſure—

"What," ſaid ſhe, in the ſimplicity of her heart, "ſhall I be all that, papa? Indeed I am exceedingly glad to hear it!"

Her natural good ſenſe, for ſhe had abundance, immediately reproved her: ſhe felt ſhe had rather ſpoken from the fulneſs of her heart than from prudent reflection; again her eyes were caſt down, and the blood roſe bluſhing to her cheeks, till they reſembled the roſe leaves ſhe had juſt been ſcattering. After a moment's ſilence, ſhe timidly added, ſtill with downcaſt eyes,

"But I have never ſeen the Count, papa; and if I ſhould not love him?"

"You

"You must marry him, notwithstanding, my child," instantly replied the Baron. "We only ask your hand; there is no authority, royal or paternal, which can command the heart."

This moral sentiment was, no doubt, a very strange one to come from the mouth of a father; but the Baron, we may well conjecture, had his reasons for being thus relax.

Caroline replied, with surprise, "Indeed, papa, I do not understand you. Give the Count my hand and not my heart! No, really, papa, I do not understand you!"

"You will do before you have lived six months at court," replied the Baron, as he rose. (Another proof, this, that the Baron

was

was a courtier.) "But this is nothing to our preſent purpoſe. Give me thy promiſe, thy ſolemn promiſe, my Caroline, that thou wilt fulfil the engagement I have entered into in thy name. I am waited for at court; I will announce thy conſent, dine there, and return, this evening, with the Count. Go, dreſs thyſelf, and prepare to receive the man who is ſhortly to be thy huſband."

After having received the ſolemn promiſe of the gentle and tractable Caroline, and tenderly kiſſed her, he departed, well ſatiſfied with his negociation.

The reader, perhaps, may expect that the ſweet Caroline, left alone, would then, immediately, have abundance of ſerious reflections on all that had paſſed; and, particularly, on the approaching marriage. For

ſix

ſix and twenty theſe would have afforded ſufficient ſubject for a whole morning's contemplation; but, at ſixteen, the mind does not dwell ſo long on the ſame object. Truth, however, obliges us to remark that Caroline, after the departure of her father, remained full ten minutes in the ſame place and attitude; which, certainly, was a thing ſomewhat extraordinary.

At length, finding ſhe had ſo many things to think on that ſhe could abſolutely think on nothing, and that the ruſhing ideas floated and whirled into confuſion, ſhe ſuddenly ſtarted up, ran to her piano forte, and played cotillons and country dances, *preſto preſtiſſimo*, for a full half hour.

Now, while ſhe was playing, it happened, naturally enough, to ſtrike her active imagination,

gination, how delightfully the Count would dance them all with her; "and it will be quite charming," said she to herself, "to continually have a partner at one's command."

Dance!—His Excellency dance!—Yes, to be sure; his Excellency dance: for the Baron had been very careful to inform her that, notwithstanding his high rank, great dignity, and that he was also an Ambassador, he still was not above thirty; which circumstance, it is very probable, pleased her full as much as all the aforesaid titles, dazzling as they were: for, though this was nearly twice the age of Caroline, she had remarked that men of thirty, and women of sixteen, are a kind of cotemporaries.

Thus,

Thus, forming the project of dancing every day, as soon as she should be the mistress of her own house, she ran to the garden to gather a nosegay. There, as she plucked the flowers, she saw several beautiful butterflies, wantoning from bud to bud; and, delighted with the restless vagrants, and their various hues and vivid tints, began, with ardour, to pursue them; till, somewhat heated and fatigued, without having had the good fortune to catch a single fugitive, she consoled herself with supposing the Count, more nimble and active than her, would catch them for her. "Besides," said she, skipping back towards the house, "we shall be very unfortunate, indeed, if we can't both of us entrap them."

The hour of dressing succeeded, and, while at her toilet, the idea of jewels, new dresses,

dreſſes, equipage, balls, operas, and aſſemblies, preſently made her forget the butterflies: for, with the lively, the innocent, and the happy Caroline, one pleaſure came but to efface another.

"O yes," ſaid ſhe, "I well know Ambaſſador's ladies are invited every where, are dreſſed like Queens, and are envied by the whole world. Inſtead of ſimple flowers, I ſhall have cluſters of diamonds adorning my hair; my dreſſes ſhall be all the moſt fanciful and elegant ever beheld, and I will put them on with a grace that ſhall charm every eye, and win every heart."

Thus, the conjugal felicity of Caroline, founded on dreſs, dancing, and butterflies, ſeemed to her the moſt certain of all certain things: ſhe already beheld herſelf

the

the happieſt of women, employed every moment to embelliſh her perſon, and enchant her Ambaſſador, and expected him with an impatience unchecked by any fear, except that of not appearing ſufficiently handſome in his eyes.

As for him, ſhe was well aſſured he would pleaſe her infinitely: for, innocently thoughtleſs as ſhe appeared, ſhe ſtill had her moments of reflection; and, all circumſtances again and again conſidered, had fully perſuaded herſelf the Count was the moſt charming man in the world.

He was the King's Favourite! Her father had told her ſo; and the word Favourite, was moſt extenſive and ſignificant to the imagination of Caroline. She, in the country, had likewiſe had her little court, and her

her little Favourites; there was her favourite bird, her favourite lap-dog, her favourite lamb, and these were all the prettiest creatures of their kind she had ever beheld; wherefore, there could be no doubt but the Favourite of a King must be the Phœnix of Nature.

Of all this she was so perfectly convinced, so happy, and so rejoiced to think she should see him, that, when her maid came to tell her he was come, and that her father was waiting for her, she made but one skip from the glass to the door; where, finding the High Chamberlain, who earnestly bade her remember her promise, he took her by the hand, which trembled with pleasure and emotion between his, and, exhorting her to be very prudent, and behave with great propriety, led her to the apartment in which was the Favourite of the King.

They

They entered, Caroline looked, and no ſooner ſaw, than, inſtantly hiding her eyes with her hands, ſhe gave a piercing ſhriek, and diſappeared like a flaſh of lightning at midnight.

Now, while the father follows, while he employs the whole force of paternal eloquence to calm and make Caroline return, let us give the outline of the picture that thus had terrified; let us juſtify the young and innocent Caroline.

The Count of Walſtein was, in fact, little more than thirty; but an enormous ſcar on one cheek, a countenance exceſſively meagre and of a livid yellow, round ſhoulders, and, inſtead of hair, a periwig, made him appear at leaſt fifty. His large black eye was fine; but, alas! it was ſingle; he had

had but one, the other a bullet had extinguiſhed. Nature deſigned him for a tall and well-proportioned man, but a habit of ſtooping had prevented her intent. He had one very good leg; but this huſband, who was to dance from morning to night, and aid Caroline to catch butterflies, walked with difficulty, and limped exceedingly on the other.

Such was the exterior appearance of Walſtein, and we ſhall hereafter ſee how far the mind correſponded with the body. We have ſaid enough, at preſent, to palliate the emotion and the flight of Caroline. Perhaps, we will not ſay but that, had ſhe taken time to conſider and examine, ſhe might have found an air of grandeur, and a ſomewhat of benevolence, characterizing this uncouth figure. But ſhe ſaw only the ſcar, the one eye, the round ſhoulders, the

periwig,

periwig, and the limping gait. She had received the firſt impreſſion, and, almoſt fainting in her apartment, Caroline ſcarcely heard her father's menaces and prayers to return. Her only anſwer was a torrent of tears, and her ſtruggles to overcome the ſhock rather increaſed than repelled her diſorder.

Her father, finding it impoſſible ſhe ſhould appear again at preſent, left her, and went back to the Count. He reflected that this would certainly be the wiſeſt courſe, and that his daughter's ſudden illneſs would be ſufficient excuſe.

He found his intended ſon-in-law exceedingly agitated at his reception, and too truly ſuſpecting the motive. But the High Chamberlain was ſo eloquent, ſo perſuaſive, when

he had any purpoſe to obtain, and his oratory was ſo powerful on the preſent occaſion, that the Count was appeaſed; fully convinced that a violent head-ach, the conſequence of the preparations of that buſy day, which had ſuddenly ſeized Caroline, had been the ſole occaſion of her exclamation and her flight. It may be, even, that he feigned conviction. Who dare be reſponſible for courtiers? Hiſtorians, the moſt exact, by them may be deceived.

Be theſe things as they may, he took leave of the High Chamberlain, hoping to find the young lady recovered, and not liable to the ſame diſorder, on the morrow; though, it is very certain, Walſtein found himſelf a good deal affected by what had paſſed. Not that we will ſuppoſe him in love with Caroline, whom he had ſcarcely

ſeen,

ſeen, but that this marriage was in many reſpects exceedingly ſuitable to his wiſhes and his views; inſomuch that he thought the future happineſs of his life depended on it; not to mention the will and pleaſure of the King. This latter might be as ſtrong a reaſon for the Favourite as for the High Chamberlain; and the latter undoubtedly thought it irreſiſtible. We muſt own he would have been wiſe to have pre-informed his daughter of the perſon of the Count. He felt all this, and deeply regretted his want of foreſight, but it was too late. He imagined it beſt to extort a promiſe from which the timid Caroline would not dare recede. Little had he foreſeen the effect of the firſt interview, or the terror of Caroline, which was doubled by the imaginary and beautiful picture ſhe had formed of the Count.

The moment he was alone, he returned, and found her juſt as he had left her. She had ſtill, however, ſufficient ſtrength to fall at his feet and implore his mercy, conjuring him, by every tender appellation, not thus to ſacrifice his child.

The High Chamberlain ſaw her emotion was too violent for her to hear reaſon at that inſtant. We would not have the reader think it too ſtrange, but he was even affected himſelf, raiſed her with tenderneſs, begged her to be calm, and to aſſure herſelf that her happineſs was the utmoſt of his hopes, and that he would ſpeak with her on the ſubject the next morning; and again, exhorting her to be tranquil, leave weeping, and go to reſt, quitted her apartment.

The drowning wretch, 'tis ſaid, will catch at ſtraws. Caroline ardently ſeized this

this ray of hope, and her fears were almoſt huſhed to peace. Ah! thought ſhe, how good is my papa! How dearly he loves me! How deſirous is he to ſee me happy! Surely, then, ſince it is his wiſh, he will not unite me to a monſter who has but one eye, whoſe legs do not pair, who is hump-backed, and who wears a periwig!

Caroline ſaw defects ten-fold defective; but ſuch is the nature of youth; its propenſities, its paſſions, its love, its friendſhip, its averſions are all extremes. At firſt ſhe thought herſelf loſt beyond recovery; at preſent ſhe imagined herſelf freed, for ever, from the Count, and as ſuddenly recovered the gaiety that had ſo ſuddenly fled. Somewhat wearied, however, ſhe went to bed, reflecting on the ſtrange and ſingular taſte of Kings in the choice of their

Favourites, and proteſting that, were ſhe a Queen, Walſtein never ſhould be hers.

As ſound was her ſleep, and as gentle were her dreams, as if nothing had happened; and, when the morning appeared, no ſtronger impreſſion remained than that which an ugly viſion ſometimes occaſions. Preſently her father entered, and found the ſame ſmile, the ſame ſweetneſs, the ſame infantine graces with which he was daily received. Nay, ſhe was fonder, more attentive, more eager to oblige than uſual; and thanks for his condeſcenſion, of which ſhe entertained no doubt, were in every motion and in every look; though ſhe dared not to retrace the paſt, her heart was all gratitude and joy for the future. Her father's behaviour increaſed it; for, inſtead of reproaches, his looks were all good nature,

ture, and kindneſs and ſmiles accompanied every expreſſion.

Lovely girl! Sweet emblem of innocence, that, knowing not ſorrow nor guile, knoweth not ſuſpicion, enjoy the flattering illuſion! Thou haſt been but two months at court, and how ſhouldeſt thou be acquainted with the heart of a courtier? Thou, who art thyſelf all ſenſibility, how ſhouldeſt thou ſuppoſe it ſhut to every tender feeling? Thou thinkeſt thou haſt a father, a tender father; thou art to learn that he is only a Miniſter of State and a High Chamberlain!

Let us, however, be juſt: except his titles, his places, and his penſions, of all things in the world the Baron certainly loved his daughter the beſt. Not to mention that

he really thought, for such was his manner of thinking, he was laying the foundation of her future happiness by so high an alliance. So magnificent a marriage! made immediately under the auspices of the King! and by order of the King! and to the Favourite of the King! and with the daughter of the High Chamberlain of the King!

Determined, therefore, to accomplish his purpose, by prayer or by power, he thought it best first to try how far affection and tenderness might win. Taking, therefore, his daughter's hands, and tenderly clasping them between his own—

"Caroline," said he, "dost thou love thy father?"

"Do I love him?" replied she; falling with enthusiasm on her knees, and kissing his

his hands; "Let him only permit me to live with him, and for him, and he shall then find how much Gratitude, Respect, and Filial-affection can perform!"

"Of all these I have no doubt: but thou wilt give me a farther proof?"

"Any! every! all you can desire, my dear, dear papa! except——"

She was going to add, "marry the Count;" but the Baron, assuming a momentary and paternal austerity, put his hand upon her mouth.

"No exceptions, Caroline; and the first proof of love I shall ask will be to listen to me, silently and attentively.

"What wouldeſt thou do, my child?" (The Baron changed his countenance; it was, now, all ſentiment; it was an appeal to the beſt affections of the heart.) "What wouldeſt thou do, Caroline, if the life of thy father were in thy hands?"

"His life! The life of my father! Save, preſerve, cheriſh it, at the expence of my own. Can my father doubt it? But how——Wherefore my——

"I expected no leſs, my dear girl," replied the Baron, taking care to ſtop her in due time; "and thou thyſelf ſhalt now decide between us.—Yes, my life, my very life depends upon the alliance. Think not I would ſurvive my diſgrace! and, unleſs my engagements with the Count of Walſtein are fulfilled, that is inevitable!—Terrified

by

by thy repugnance for this marriage, yesterday, I left thee, went instantly to the King, and threw myself at my Sovereign's feet, entreating and even imploring him to restore us our promise and our freedom. Thus daring had my affection for thee, Caroline, made me.

"Your daughter is a child," said the frowning monarch; "a baby, who knows not what pleases or what is proper, and with whom you ought to act according to your own prudence, not her caprice. You *may*, however, act as you please. If she persist in this her refusal, you will re-conduct her to her country retreat; and you will, likewise, remain there yourself. It is impossible so feeble a father can be a good Minister of State."

"He turned away, and ſpoke no more to me during the whole evening. Imagine, Caroline, what are my preſent feelings! I ſaw the malicious joy of my enemies, they had marked my Sovereign's frowns, and, with the ſmile of malignity, propheſied my approaching fall, diſpoſed of my places, and, imitating their maſter, ſcornfully turned from me. Oh my child! my Caroline! wilt thou, the darling of thy father's heart, be the cauſe of this his miſery? What talk I of miſery? His certain, his inſtantaneous death!"

The trembling, the tender, the affectionate Caroline, a thouſand times more terrified by this idea than ſhe even had been by the aſpect of Walſtein, ſhuddering, flung herſelf into her father's arms.

"I will

"I will obey, I will obey," repeated she, sobbing. "Lead me to the altar this moment; lead me, if so it must be! Cause your death! I! God of Heaven forbid! Oh! my father, go immediately, tell the King to dispose of me as he pleases; only let him restore his favour and friendship to my father. Yes, I promise, solemnly promise, to submit to his will; but do thou, also, my father, promise me not to die."

So strongly had the idea of her father's death seized upon her imagination that she feared lest a moment's delay might make it certain. She would willingly have gone, even herself, and told the Count she was ready to be his; and ceased not to intercede with the Baron to depart, instantly, to the King; again engaging herself, by promises

the moſt poſitive and unlimited, to be in all things obedient.

Once more left alone, ſhe thought no more of court balls, cotillons, or chaſing butterflies. With one hand hiding her eyes, mournfully reſting upon her elbow, and agitated by a thouſand ſtruggling ſenſations, ſhe remained motionleſs; incoherently dreading leſt the leaſt change or movement might precipitate her into the gulph that ſeemed gaping to receive her, and in which ſhe were then eternally ſunk. Filial affection, at length, came to her aid. Once more erect ſhe ſat, with ſelf-approbation raiſed, when ſhe recollected that, by ſuffering herſelf, ſhe ſhould ſave her father. "I ſhall preſerve his honour, and, with his honour, his life," ſaid ſhe, with affection and admiration mingled: her own heroiſm inſpired

the

the latter; and which a ſentiment ſo virtuous ever muſt inſpire in a noble mind.

"Yet how dear muſt I pay for this!" continued ſhe; "and what ſhall my life be?"

Straight the image and figure of the Count preſented itſelf, and the father vaniſhed. Caroline, ſhuddering, recoiled, and doubted whether yet ſhe ſhould keep her word.

In this attitude, in this agitation, ſhe continued, when her father ſuddenly returned. Joy exceſſive brightened in his countenance. Scarcely could he tell, ſo out of breath with haſte and tranſported was he, that the King himſelf and the Count were coming. "Yes, the King! The King in perſon!" repeated he. "Publicly coming! and thoſe

who yesterday rejoiced at my disgrace, may now retire and weep. May their own envy be their only comforter. See, my Caroline, my child, my darling, what obedience is, and imagine what shall be its reward."

Caroline, alas! thought not of rewards, but of punishments, and of the confirmation of the fearful sentence she herself had pronounced. Her father reproved her for not having employed the time of his absence at her toilette. The day before, she herself would have been very sorry to have been caught by Majesty in her present dishabille; but, at present, this was become a trifle beneath thought; and she waited, in expectation of her august visitor, without once casting a look towards the glass.

The

The Baron was in his fourth repetition of the manner in which ſhe ſhould comport herſelf, when he was interrupted by the rattling of the coach wheels. Up he ſtarted, ran to receive Majeſty, and left the trembling Caroline to the aſſiſtance of ſalts, and as much fortitude as ſhe herſelf could collect, for this interview of conſtraint and dread. The Monarch entered, followed only by his Favourite and his High Chamberlain, elate with joy, and inflated with ſelf-applauſe.

"Beauteous Caroline," ſaid the King, as he advanced and preſented the Count, "be thou the recompenſe of the man who has rendered me ſo many important ſervices; and do thou, dear Walſtein, receive, from my hand, this lovely bride, whoſe worth, I am certain, thou wilt well know how to eſtimate."

The

The Count drew near, and, taking the half retiring hand of Caroline, begged her, with a low and timid accent, kindly to confirm his happineſs.

Had the riches of the whole world, and all its Monarchs, been proſtrate at the feet of Caroline, ſhe could not have articulated a ſingle word. Perhaps, had ſhe raiſed her downcaſt eyes, and looked at the bride-groom, ſhe might have had ſufficient power to have ſaid no. But this ſhe very prudently avoided. She made a moſt reſpectful courteſy, and, at the King's deſire, ſat down in ſilence. This command was well timed; had ſhe been longer required to ſtand, the ſcene of over-night might again have been repeated. A univerſal tremor had come over her; ſhe was obliged to have recourſe to her ſalts, and might ſtill, perhaps,

haps, have betrayed her feelings by a fainting fit, or a deluge of tears, had not a glance of her father, himself almost fainting at seeing her agitation, restored her all her fortitude: she even forced a smile, to quiet his fears, and collected the resolution to answer the King's condescending interrogation, by saying, she was very well. Every thing was then placed to the account of country education and virgin timidity.

She hoped the company would retire, or, at least, change the subject of conversation; but she was deceived. To respect the feelings of their subjects is one of those things that Kings understand the least; and his Prussian Majesty, delighted with the marriage he himself had made, could talk of nothing else. Totally inattentive to the suffering Caroline, he dwelt circumstantially

on

on particulars, first naming the day, then the hour, and then the place of performing the ceremony.

Unable to support this any longer, Caroline, at length, made another effort, and begged permission to retire. Her prayer was granted, and the Monarch did not neglect, as she made her reverence, to salute her by the title of the Countess of Walstein.

The youthful and wretched Countess, alone in her apartment, gave a full flow to affliction. Finding, however, that tormenting reflection could not change her destiny, *that* now being fixed beyond the power of reprieve, she wisely concluded submission was her only course; and to take such advantage

tage as her preſent ſituation might afford her beſt expedient.

Let no one be aſtoniſhed to hear that a young girl of ſixteen could reaſon thus prudently. Misfortune is a moſt able maſter; and a few hours of affliction, trouble, and terror, had taught Caroline more than years of tranquillity. She heard the coach of the King depart with much leſs emotion than ſhe felt at its thundering approach; and her father had the ſatisfaction to find her tolerably calm and reſigned, when he came to acquaint her with the royal arrangements.

The marriage was fixed for that day week; the Count had deſired it might be as ſecret as poſſible, and celebrated at his country ſeat, ſix leagues from Berlin; and,

moreover

moreover, that the rejoicings, visits, bride-favours, and presentation of the Countess at court, should not take place till the ceremony was over.

Caroline highly approved the Count's plan, and begged her father's permission to pass the intervening time in retirement. So well pleased was the Baron with her docility that, except breaking off the marriage, there was nothing she could have asked he would have refused; he therefore promised, and kept his word. Her solitude was uninterrupted, except by a few visits from the bridegroom; and him the Baron undertook to hold in conversation. Thus, while they were deep in politics, debating on matters of high moment, States, Empires, and King's, Caroline was silently determining to execute the projects she had formed.

We

We shall not follow her through the many and melancholy ideas which occupied her mind, during this penitential week; it is sufficient for us to observe that she might, truly, be said to have thought more, in that space of time, than she had done in the whole course of her life. With the result of all this thinking we shall presently become acquainted.

Time passes away as well in pleasure as in pain. Behold then the redoubted day, on which the fate of Caroline was irrevocably to be fixed. She was prepared for it, and appeared perfectly resigned. Her father was in ecstacies, for he was now at the height of all his happiness and honours. Majesty, in person, intended to accompany his daughter to the altar. The High Chamberlain, good man, would have been happy to have had

had the whole world ſpectators; but two Lords of the court, and their wives, were, alone, appointed aſſiſtants. He conſoled himſelf, however, with the idea of the many fine things he ſhould have to relate on his return to Berlin. Off they ſet, for the country ſeat of the Count, and the tender bride, more thoughtful than melancholy, not only ſupported the journey exceedingly well, but even the marriage ceremony, which was immediately performed on their arrival: the Baron, wondering at, and bleſſing himſelf for, the dexterity and addreſs with which he had inſured the obedience of Caroline, had, at length, the inexpreſſible gratification of preſenting her to the King by the title of the *Counteſs of Walſtein!*

This was the only moment in which the fortitude of Caroline had nearly forſaken her.

her. Affected, agitated, by the careſſes of the High Chamberlain, who was unbounded in his panegyric, ſhe owned ſhe deſerved not all this praiſe, and earneſtly ſupplicated him to ſpare her. Caroline had a delicate heart, on which every praiſe the Baron beſtowed inflicted a freſh pang.

They were to return that evening to Berlin, there to inſtall the young Counteſs in her new dignity, as Lady of Walſtein Houſe; and they were already preparing to depart, when, taking advantage of the moment when the Count was ſtanding alone, concealed by the projecting of the window, ſhe went up to him, preſented a paper, entreated him to read it with indulgence, and retired into an anti-chamber, where, ſhe told him, ſhe would wait for his anſwer, and his orders. Surpriſed as much as man could poſſibly

poſſibly be, the Count inſtantly opened the letter, and read:

" My Lord,

" I have obeyed. The abſolute com-
" mands of my father and my King have
" given me to you, and yours at preſent
" I am; wholly yours; I acknowledge no
" other maſter. You only have the right
" to diſpoſe of me, and from you I dare
" aſk and hope benevolence, indulgence,
" and generoſity. Yes, it is from him who
" juſt has ſworn to make me happy I now
" preſume to aſk what may aſcertain my
" happineſs, and, no doubt, his own. You
" know not, my lord, cannot imagine, how
" much the young creature, to whom you
" but this inſtant gave your hand, is un-
" worthy of that honour; how little rea-
" ſonable ſhe is, and how much a child;

" how

" how much it behoves her to paſs whole
" years in that retreat where ſhe has been
" educated, and with that dear friend who
" has been to her a mother. Oh, conſent!
" I conjure you in mercy to conſent and ſuf-
" fer me this evening to return to Rindaw;
" there to wait till my reaſon has ſo far
" conquered prejudice that I may ſubmit,
" without expiring, to the engagements I
" have formed. By doing this, you will
" enſure gratitude inexpreſſible, and, per-
" haps accelerate that event. Your re-
" fuſal, on the contrary———Yes, be cer-
" tain, your refuſal will, equally, and for
" ever, deprive you of the wretched Caro-
" line.

" I feel, moſt forcibly, the juſt re-
" proaches I merit by acting thus. This
" letter ſhould not have been ſent now;

"but, had I explained what my ſenſations
"were before our union, I ſhould have
"hazarded the life of my father: at preſent
"I only hazard my own. He ſwore, ſo-
"lemnly ſwore, he could not ſurvive his
"diſgrace; and his diſgrace was inevitable
"if I did not become your's. Your's,
"therefore, I am, and the King now will
"reſt ſatisfied; for I dare hope that, ſhould
"he make my father reſponſible for my
"conduct, and ſhould this conduct offend
"him, you will have the juſtice to ſave my
"father, and inform him that I, alone,
"am culpable. But certainly the King
"cannot complain of his want of zeal, or
"the unlimited obedience with which he is
"devoted to his will; neither will I com-
"plain, if you, only, will have the good-
"neſs to grant my preſent requeſt."

This

This letter, the offspring of a hundred, which had been written and torn during the preceding week, had been finiſhed that very morning before they left Berlin. If ever man was aſtoniſhed, confounded, thunderſtruck, it was the Count of Walſtein. He could not believe what he beheld. What! a young creature ſo timid, and ſo ſubmiſſive! Had ſhe a will of her own? And could ſhe declare what that will was with fortitude like this?

Again he read the paper, and pity preſently ſucceeded to ſurprize. He then ſaw ſhe had been the ſacrifice of deſpotiſm and ambition; and mortally reproached himſelf for being the object and the cauſe. Though we all may be ſomewhat deceived reſpecting our own perſonal attractions, and though the Count, like others, might not be wholly

exempt from self-illusion, he still did himself the justice to imagine he certainly had not been married for his beauty; but, from the positive assurances of the High Chamberlain, and the apparent resignation of Caroline, he supposed, at least, it had been without repugnance, and without constraint. The moment that undeceived him, or, rather, that told him he had been deceived, was, no doubt, to him a dreadful one; but he did not hesitate an instant concerning how it was proper for him now to act. Desirous to relieve Caroline from her fears, he, with his pencil, wrote thus on the cover of her letter.

"Lovely and unfortunate victim of obe-
"dience! you, in your turn, shall be
"obeyed. Instantly I will go and obtain
"the King's compliance with your re-
"quest;

" queſt; inſtantly will repair, as much as " in me is poſſible, the wrong done you; " the tyranny of which I am the cauſe, " without being the accomplice. Should " I be refuſed, depend on me for reſtoring " you that liberty of which you have been " ſo cruelly deprived. I feel the ineſtimable " value of the confidence you place in me, " and will endeavour to deſerve it, by re- " nouncing my own happineſs! Though, " not ſo; for ſtill ſhall I be happy, if any " conduct of mine can render me leſs odious " to her by whom it would be felicity ſu- " preme to be"——

Beloved, Walſtein would have added; but it was a moment of moſt trying affliction. A mirror hung over the table at which he wrote; he looked in it and durſt not. Half opening the door of the anti-chamber,

where Caroline waited the ſentence of life or death, he gave in his ſhort anſwer, which ſhe tremblingly received, and inſtantly diſappeared.

The firſt ſenſation of Caroline, when ſhe attempted to read, was dread; but this, as ſhe proceeded, was preſently diſſipated, and when ſhe had ended ſhe was ſo ſurpriſed, ſo affected, ſo grateful, that ſhe had almoſt an inclination to recall the Count; but, unfortunately for him, as ſhe looked through the window, ſhe ſaw him walking in the gardens with the King. Walking and broad daylight are little favourable to a man who limps in his gait, and whoſe face has been disfigured by wounds. Could ſhe have read his billet, and forgot his perſon, the effect would have been different; her favourable ideas would not have been ſo eaſily effaced,

nor would she, so instantly, again have felt that impatient desire of returning to her former retreat. Besides, indeed, she recollected it was too late; that she had gone too far to recede, without appearing capricious and weak. While thus she reflected, still looking through the window at the Count, his billet crumbled away between her fingers, and, like the impression it had made, was no more.

While Caroline was thus employed, the generous Walstein was using all his influence with the King, over whose mind he had a wonderful ascendancy, persuading him to consent to the request she had made. He shewed his Majesty the letter, who, instead of anger, found himself interested and affected by the style and resolution of a girl so innocent and so young.

"There is energy in this young lady's character," said the Monarch, as he ended, and looking at the Count as he returned the letter.

He looked, and could not help acknowledging that his Favourite did not, altogether, possess that kind of form which the hoping fancy of sixteen loves to contemplate. The recollection came a little too late, but the moment was favourable to Caroline, and he added—

"You are right, Walstein. You must overlook this whim. She is a child, whom it will be best to indulge. She will soon be tired of her retreat; and as to the thing most essential, the fortune, it is your's. A man has always enough of his wife's company."

The

The Monarch was frank; but, ſtate ſecrets excepted, Monarchs take little trouble to diſguiſe their thoughts. Accordingly, the ſentence pronounced, the High Chamberlain was ſent for, this new project communicated, and his daughter's letter ſhewn. He was, certainly, in a very high paſſion, but the preſence of Majeſty made him, apparently, ſomewhat calm; and, after hazarding a few objections, which were ſilenced, he was all acquieſcence. The King, indeed, who had never before ſeen him of a different opinion, thought it exceedingly ſtrange, and, likewiſe, ſomewhat preſuming, he ſhould be ſo at preſent; which thoughts he did not take the leaſt trouble to conceal. Whereupon the High Chamberlain, a little affrighted, made a moſt profound and reverential bow, ſupplicated pardon, and

begged his Majeſty would diſpoſe of his daughter juſt as his Majeſty ſhould pleaſe.

The concluſion of this conſultation was that Caroline ſhould return, that very evening, to Rindaw; where the Baroneſs and Canoneſs of that name, by whom ſhe had been educated, lived. Here ſhe had permiſſion to remain as long as ſhe pleaſed, concluding ſhe would ſoon be glad to return. A clauſe was, indeed, annexed, which ſeemed to render a long ſtay impoſſible; and this was that the moſt profound and abſolute ſecreſy muſt be kept concerning the marriage. The King did not give his reaſons; indeed, Reaſon to Kings is a ſuperfluous thing, Will is ſufficient. It has, moreover, been ſaid, he was fearful leſt this hiſtory ſhould caſt ſome kind of ridicule either upon his High Chamberlain, or his Favourite,

Favourite, or, perhaps, even upon himſelf; but, we muſt own, this aſſertion is too improbable to be true.

Leave we theſe matters in the uncertainty in which we found them, and let us add that it was his Majeſty's command Caroline ſhould ſtill paſs by her own name, and that no individual ſhould know ſhe was the Counteſs of Walſtein. He went ſo far as to declare that, the moment the leaſt breath tranſpired, ſhe ſhould again become ſubject to conjugal power, and that her indiſcretion ſhould enſure the loſs of his favour. All this he ſaid, looking ſteadfaſtly at the High Chamberlain, who could not get the words out faſt enough to inform his Majeſty of the eternal ſilence he himſelf ſhould keep.

The King, likewiſe, preſſingly recommended ſecreſy to thoſe who had been preſent at the ceremony; who readily promiſed obedience, and who readily did not tell it—to above ſome thirty of their friends; and that under the moſt ſolemn promiſes it ſhould go no further. Ah, happy Berlin! that thus, for a whole week, was plentifully ſupplied with behind-fan whiſpers and corner converſations!—"Do *you* know "that Count Walſtein has married the "High Chamberlain's daughter!—Is it "poſſible?—Oh! the King himſelf was "preſent!—Indeed!—Fact, I aſſure you! "I had it from the firſt hand; but don't "mention it; don't let my name appear," &c. &c.

Thus ran Rumour, or rather, thus ſhe flew; but as there was no farther confirmation

tion of these whisperings, as Caroline did not appear, as the Count returned quietly on his embassy to Russia, as the High Chamberlain was discreet, and as, moreover, new secrets made the old forgotten, it was, at length, either not believed or not remembered.

Behold, then, the nuptial day concluded in a very different manner from what might have been imagined. The Baron was required to inform his daughter that her request was granted, and that she had leave to live retired at Rindaw. He was, likewise, to have conducted her thither himself, but Walstein, fearing he should vent upon her that wrath which had been so much curbed by the King, was desirous to bereave his young bride of so disagreeable a travelling companion. He, therefore, easily persuaded his

his dear father-in-law that it was moſt eſſential to his intereſt not to leave the Court, in this critical conjuncture; and, as the High Chamberlain had not the ſame taſte for retirement with his daughter, he thought proper to confide her to the care of truſty ſervants, and to ſend a letter by her to his dear friend the Baroneſs and Canoneſs, for ſhe was both, of Rindaw.

This Canoneſs, with whom we ſhall ſoon become acquainted, was a moſt excellent lady in her way. She had formerly been deeply in love with the High Chamberlain, who, likewiſe, had himſelf been as much in love with her as it was poſſible for him to be; but reaſons of convenience, wealth and ambition, ever deciſive with the High Chamberlain, had determined him to marry the mother of Caroline. The affectionate,

the

the tender, and conſtant Baroneſs, thus croſſed in love, had vowed celibacy, became a Canoneſs, retired totally from the faſhionable world, and lived privately at her chateau. To meditate on her perfidious High Chamberlain, renew her vows of eternal fidelity, read novels and romances from morning till night, imagine parallels between herſelf and the heroine of the tale, and to ſaunter in her gardens, and muſe for hours in lonely arbours, had been her mode of life for ſeveral years. This paſſion, ſo ſtrong, might be ſaid, at laſt, to periſh of inanity and want of food. Therefore, when her dear High Chamberlain, become a widower, offered to recompenſe her conſtancy by marriage, ſhe was prudent enough to refuſe, alledging ſhe had totally loſt the habits of high life, and all reliſh for courts; which, indeed, was very true, but, pleaſed with

with the propoſal, ſhe promiſed eternal friendſhip, offered to take his daughter under her care, and educate her till the time of her marriage. We have before ſeen the motives which determined the Baron to accept this offer; and the rather, modeſtly added he, becauſe he really knew nothing of the education of a daughter.

It might be preſumed, our romantic Baroneſs knew, perhaps, as little as himſelf of the matter; but, no; a few ridiculous ſingularities excepted, ſhe did not want underſtanding, and was really, and earneſtly, deſirous to fulfil the duty ſhe had undertaken. She had read much, had addicted herſelf to various uſeful ſtudies, and had become very capable of inſtructing her pupil, and of forming her heart and mind.

Some

Some remains, we own, there were of ancient habitudes; of a ſentimental and Quixote imagination: and this was the more pleaſant by being a ſingular contraſt to her natural character, which was indiſcretion perſonified; though ſhe had an inexhauſtible goodneſs of heart. But it has been remarked that theſe two qualities are very frequently companions, and the Canoneſs was an inſtance of its truth. She was ſo frank, ſo unſuſpicious, ſo confiding, and loved ſo much to talk, that it was not poſſible for her to keep a ſecret above half an hour. And, as for friends, every perſon ſhe ſaw might ſoon become her deareſt intimate.

Her reputation was ſo well known, even at court, and her indiſcretions ſo indubitable, that there was an abſolute prohibition laid

laid on Caroline not to tell her the ſecret, as well as on the High Chamberlain. Caroline, who dreaded daily remonſtrances and perſecutions, was happy at the interdict.

The obedient Baron, ever ſubmiſſive to his Maſter's will, wrote, by his order, to the Canoneſs, that, the projected marriage of his daughter being deferred for ſome time, he again confided her to the care of his dear friend, the Baroneſs.

Caroline, provided with this letter, took leave of her father kneeling for pardon and benediction. The High Chamberlain, well ſatisfied High Chamberlain to remain, granted both the one and the other with a tenderneſs that did not come truly from the heart. He ſaw her depart for Rindaw, which was only ſeven or eight leagues thence,

thence, and, ſoon after, returned himſelf to Berlin, with the King and the Ambaſſador.

Caroline could not help being ſomewhat ſurpriſed, at firſt, at ſeeing herſelf alone in one of the Count's carriages. Affected by her father's farewell and the quick ſucceſſion of events, it would be difficult to deſcribe exactly what paſſed in her mind; all there was tumult and diſorder, and ſhe ſcarcely knew whether it were better to rejoice or weep: all things had happened as ſhe herſelf had deſired; but, perhaps, though ſhe did not confeſs that to herſelf, ſhe expected to meet with more reſiſtance; and Caroline was not the only perſon to whom the facility of obtaining a bleſſing had diminiſhed its value.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, too, her ſelf-love, or her vanity, if any ſuch quality could reſide in a breaſt ſo pure, would have been more flattered, had a greater deſire to detain her been demonſtrated. "Here I am," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, (and with a ſmall tincture of ſorrow was it ſaid) "Here I am, all alone, left by myſelf; I ſaid but a word, and my father, the King, and the Count, all three are agreed I may go as ſoon as I pleaſe. Is this indifference, anger, or generoſity?"

In the midſt of theſe meditations ſhe recollected the ſhort billet ſhe had torn, and endeavoured again to recall every expreſſion, and every word. She ſaw the action of the Count, at laſt, in the moſt amiable, the moſt generous point of view; a tear ſtarted into her eye, and ſhe ſighed, and ſaid, what a pity it is he ſhould not be handſome!

Her

Her thoughts, mingled with regret, turned, occaſionally, towards her father alſo, whom ſhe had forſaken, whom ſhe had afflicted, and a little, likewiſe, on the pleaſures ſhe had abandoned, and the ſounding titles ſhe might have borne. My Lady, the Counteſs of Walſtein! The Ruſſian Ambaſſador's Lady! The Lady of the Favourite of the King! All theſe ſhe might have been: ſhe was ſimply Caroline. At certain moments her head was half out of the coach to bid them drive back to Berlin; but theſe might be called moments of forgetfulneſs; the image of the Count returned, preſented itſelf, ſhe ſhrunk back, hid herſelf in the corner, and, congratulating herſelf on her eſcape, "No, it is impoſſible," ſaid ſhe, "it is impoſſible I ever could ſupport it! I ſhould die with apprehenſion: and to ſee him every day,

and

and all the day, and all the night! Oh! no, it is impoſſible!" Then did ſhe applaud her fortitude, and the manner in which ſhe had fulfilled her duty, ſaved her father's life, and preſerved her liberty.

With theſe ideas, and ſuch as theſe, was her full heart occupied for two thirds of the rout; but the nearer ſhe approached to Rindaw the feebler grew her regret; ſhe, preſently, thought only of the pleaſure of again ſeeing her dear Mamma; for thus ſhe called the Canoneſs, who, really, to her, had been a mother, and a tender mother.

This Lady idolized her pupil, and ſeemed to have transferred the tender affection ſhe once felt for the father to the child. When the Baron had come for Caroline, and had told the Canoneſs his intention

tion to marry her, ſo great was her deſpair, and ſo violent the efforts of ſeparation, that her health was injured; ſhe had been ill ever ſince; mirth, pleaſure, happineſs fled with Caroline. Farmers, peaſants, ſervants, the whole village, whoſe darling and friend ſhe was, ceaſed not to ſpeak of her, to ſigh for her, and to ſay they had loſt their angel and their protector.

Imagine, then, what was the joy of all theſe good people, when, one evening, by the clear light of the moon, a coach drove through the village; a thing that ſeldom happened, at Rindaw, and ſtopped at the chateau, and as it ſtopped, and as the eager inhabitants crowded to ſee what and who it was, Caroline, their beloved, their adored Caroline, appeared. Enraptured to behold her, for the ſmile and the fluſh of joy on Caroline's countenance acted with ſympathetic

tetic magic on them all, they knew not what to ſay, how to teſtify their feelings.

"Are not you glad, my dear friends," ſaid ſhe, "that I am come again to live among you; again am one of yourſelves? Are you not glad to ſee me once more?"

Eager enthauſiaſm and tumultuous Rapture ſpoke, but they ſpoke in confuſion; and, their cries reaching the ear of the Canoneſs, ſhe ran out to ſee what all this noiſe meant. She ran and ſhe beheld—Yes, it was Caroline—Her beloved! Her child! Her darling! ſhe was in her arms, and the ſweet tears of ſenſibility, unreſtrained, flowed plenteouſly.

"Mamma! Mamma! My dear Mamma, your happy Caroline is returned, never to leave you more!

The

The Canoneſs was the daughter of Senſibility: her frame was ſlender, her habit ſickly, and her nerves delicate. Caroline was alarmed to ſee her ſo much affected, her joy amounted almoſt to ſuffocation; but the effects of joy are not often fatal. She recovered, by degrees, and began to inquire of her beloved pupil what enchantment had conveyed her thither. Caroline, without further explanation, gave her the letter of the High Chamberlain; ſhe read it, and wanted further information concerning this marriage deferred juſt at the moment of its concluſion.

"The laſt poſt," ſaid the Baroneſs, "brought me a letter from thy father, which informed me the day was fixed—The day fixed!—Yes, it was this very day, I believe—Let me ſee—Yes, it was

this very day—This is very ſtrange!—I declare it is the moſt ſingular adventure I ever heard of, and I delight in ſingular adventures—Tell me, tell me the whole, how was it?—Thou knoweſt thou mayeſt rely on my prudence, I'll not ſay a word; if there is any ſecret in the affair, depend upon me."—Caroline knew juſt the contrary, yet was ſhe obliged to uſe conſiderable efforts over herſelf, not to tell her dear friend every thing ſhe thought, who, till then, had ever been the partner of all her joys and griefs; her innocent heart, unaccuſtomed to diſſemble, ill could perform the taſk, and, had it not been for the ſevere, the abſolute prohibition impoſed upon her, and the fearful condition annexed to her imprudence, ſhe certainly had told all.

To come as near the truth, however, as poſſible, for falſehood and Caroline were

natural foes, ſhe confeſſed that ſhe herſelf was the cauſe of delay, that ſhe could not endure the deformity of the Count, for which reaſon, ſaid ſhe, "they have granted me a reſpite, but I am certain I ſhall never change."

She then, by way of excuſe, gave her friend a portrait of Walſtein, which ſhe undoubtedly did not much embelliſh. The Baroneſs ſcarcely could let her finiſh, ſo highly was ſhe provoked that they ſhould ever once think of marrying her ſweet Caroline to ſuch a monſter.

"The High Chamberlain has certainly loſt his underſtanding!" ſaid ſhe, "But be comforted, my dear child, thou knoweſt I have ſome aſcendancy over him, and either this aſcendancy is entirely gone or

this abſurd marriage never ſhall take place. I give thee my promiſe, depend upon me, make thyſelf eaſy, thou never ſhalt be Counteſs of Walſtein. The wife of the lame and the blind! What, thou! No, no, we will find as good a huſband as he who ſhall be able to ſee thy beauty with both eyes; aye, and they ſhall be fine eyes too, and I warrant thee he ſhall walk upright. A charming ſpouſe they had choſen thee, truly! It was juſt the ſame with me, when I was thy age; I muſt be married without ever being conſulted; but they were miſtaken; I ſaw my gentleman ſquinted moſt frightfully, and never would hear another word on the ſubject. I own, I loved thy father to diſtraction at that time, and there is nothing inſpires fortitude like love. My grand ſyſtem is that young people ſhould be moſt paſſionately enamoured with each other before they

they marry, for what elſe can make us ſupport the duties, fatigues, and pangs of the marriage ſtate? Yes, my child, marriages of pure paſſion are the only happy marriages; for which reaſon, I refuſed all other: and though I likewiſe refuſed to marry the High Chamberlain, after thy mother's death, it was in ſupport of my ſyſtem, and becauſe I felt I had only a tender friendſhip and not a paſſionate affection for him, which is ſo eſſential to happineſs. Love, love, mutual love, 'tis that that makes the houſe of Hymen the houſe of joy."

Caroline, embarraſſed, and burthened with her ſecret, with downcaſt eyes, ſilently liſtened to this inundation of words; and the happy Canoneſs, who for three months paſt had been deprived of the pleaſure of ſpeaking at her eaſe, took ample revenge,

and did not wait for an anſwer; ſhe only pauſed a moment for breath, and then, with an air of penetration in her eye, thus continued:

"But I believe, my child, it is not love that gave thee this fortitude and this reſiſtance—Is it?—Tell me, make me thy confidante, come, own thou haſt ſeen ſome one who has found the way to pleaſe thee better than the Count."

"Alas!" replied Caroline, with innocent ſimplicity, "all men can pleaſe me better than the Count."

"All! that is ſaying a great deal, indeed. But didſt thou never diſtinguiſh any one in particular? Haſt thou never ſeen the man for whom thou wouldeſt wiſh to live,

and

and with whom thou wouldeſt wiſh to die? Has no one yet found a place in thy heart?"

"No, indeed, Mamma," ſaid Caroline, ſighing, "I am in love with nobody, nor is any body in love with me."

"Well, that is very ſingular! There are certainly, then, no longer men ſo handſome as thy father at court. But have patience, my dear, all in good time, the man will be found, I warrant; as for this Count, never let me hear his name mentioned, for thou never ſhalt be his wife, that I am determined."

The poor young Counteſs again replied only with a ſigh, kiſſed her dear Mamma, ſaid her friendſhip was all ſhe aſked, and re-

tired to her old apartment to repoſe after the fatigues of a very trying day.

In the morning ſhe awoke, looked round, and ſcarcely knew where or what ſhe was. "Good God!" ſaid ſhe, collecting her ideas, "Is it true, or is it a dream? Am I a wife? Is my faith plighted, my hands chained, never more to be free? Do I but enjoy the ſhadow of a liberty of which the very next moment I may be deprived, and for which I am indebted to the generoſity, only, of him to whom I appertain? Appertain! Do I then appertain to ſome one, and have I for ever loſt the hope of diſpoſing of myſelf!"

Not all the flow of ſpirits natural to her age, not all that ſweetneſs and happineſs of temper natural to herſelf, could, for ſome time,

time, baniſh this corroding idea from her mind: it empoiſoned her pleaſures, it robbed her of that gaiety and thoſe enlivening graces with her, formerly, ſo habitual. The indulgent Canoneſs, attributing her melancholy to the privation of town pleaſures, feigned not to perceive it, and redoubled her cares and careſſes to make her retreat ſupportable. Not only the Canoneſs, but the ſervants, individually, and even the very animals, teſtified their joy at the return of their Favourite, and the reciprocal attachment they felt for her who had ſo often felt for them. The tender heart of Caroline was the very oppoſite to inſenſible, and the ſecret charm which fancy affixes to thoſe haunts in which the ſports of childhood have paſt, added to the ſoft delight of being beloved by every perſon around her, ſoon had their uſual effect; ſhe fell into her

former habits, and her daily occupations became as pleaſant, now, as before her reſidence at Berlin. Her flower-garden, neglected while ſhe was abſent, again flouriſhed under her eye, and was enamelled with a thouſand various buds and ten thouſand tints and dyes. Again her aviary was re-peopled, and the new-mown hay, the yellow harveſt, the diſtant mountains covered with flocks of ſheep, the browſing cattle, the ſports of the green, and the ruſtic flageolet amuſed and delighted her as much as ere ſhe had ſeen the ſpectacles of Luxury and the feaſts of Pride. Theſe far fetched pleaſures had been but momentary, and had rather dazzled than intoxicated; while thoſe of Nature, ſimple but real, and always preferred by the unadulterated heart and the elevated mind, ever various and ever ſublime, are beheld without wearineſs, and enjoyed without ſelf-deteſtation.

She

She seldom heard from Berlin. Her father, whose cherished anger was only smothered, and who was, besides, totally occupied by his court dignities and state employments, seldom wrote, and her husband never. The High Chamberlain had another motive, indeed, for his silence; he hoped dulness would soon make her tired of her retreat; and Walstein, remembering only how much pain it must cost her to reply, was silent lest he should distress. Neither did he well know in what manner to treat a lady so young, whom he knew not, by whom he was unknown, and who, he might well suppose, thought him little less than an odious tyrant. Hoping every thing, therefore, from time and maturity of reason, he patiently waited their effects, and returned to Petersburgh and his duty. There, multiplicity of business and affairs

of great importance, occupied him so entirely that we will not pretend to affirm he did not even think the caprice of his young bride very fortunate; since, without laying a constraint on her inclinations, it placed her in that kind of retreat, during his absence, which he himself would most have desired, without, perhaps, daring to ask.

The result of all this was, that Caroline had scarcely remained three months at Rindaw before all that had passed appeared but as a dream; which she scarcely could, and never wished, perfectly to recollect. She was even careful to banish all ideas from her mind that were any way relative to the Count, and no one sought to make her remember them.

Her

Her friend, perceiving that at the very name of Walſtein her countenance was clouded and her mind diſturbed, was careful never to pronounce it, and thus, at length, was this union ſo far effaced from her mind that, had any one aſked her if ſhe was married, the probabilities were that ſhe would, in the firſt moment of forgetfulneſs, very ſincerely, have anſwered no.

None of the ideas ſhe brought from court remained, except an earneſt deſire of becoming equal in knowledge, and in grace, to ſome few diſtinguiſhed ladies ſhe had there beheld; and, to effect theſe purpoſes, the winter was employed in muſic, drawing, the ſtudy of Engliſh and Italian, for the French ſhe had already been taught. In theſe, by the help of good maſters, ſhe made great progreſs. Undiſturbed by paſ-

ſion,

ſion, much time, a ſtrong deſire for inſtruction, an unincumbered memory, and a genius of the firſt order, were advantages by which ſhe profited ſurpriſingly. Reading was not neglected, and her natural good taſte led her to a proper choice of books. Her perſon kept pace with her mind, and advanced to angelic perfection. Each ſucceeding day ſeemed to beſtow ſome new grace, and, all beautiful as ſhe was one month, ſhe was evidently more beautiful the next. She grew taller, and her ſhape was ſo fine, each limb and feature ſo proportionate, her colour was ſo blooming, the white ſo pure, the red ſo tranſparent, her eyes ſo mild, ſo large, ſo expreſſive, ſo innocent and yet ſo animated, that it was a delight to look upon her. Virgin timidity ſhe had, but no ill-timed baſhfulneſs that makes even the form of beauty unmeaning:

if

if the ſympathetic tale of feeling were told, the precious pearls of ſenſibility would brighten in her eye, and fall on her cheek; and if the poet, with ſublime hand, touched the lyre, genius would inſtantly ruſh on her imagination, animate her form, and illuminate her countenance.

Her voice too ſhe learnt to modulate, and it acquired a ſweetneſs and flexibility that, when ſhe ſang to the harp, or Spaniſh guitar, it was not poſſible to reſiſt thoſe mild emotions, thoſe delicious ſenſations, which ſhe ſo well could feel, and ſo powerfully inſpire.

To theſe, her talents, her graces, and her gifts, ſhe added another; which, though perhaps not ſo eſteemed, is ſtill more uncommon, and not leſs captivating. There

was

was an elegant ſimplicity and an air of dignity in her dreſs that ſeemed to make grace itſelf more graceful. Theſe, added to her bright auburn ringlets, profuſe in growth and flowing on her neck and ſhoulders, made her a creature ſuch as the imagination ſcarcely can conceive, and ſuch as tongue, or pen, muſt never hope to deſcribe.

Yes, ſuch, and ſtill more beauteous, was Caroline, at ſixteen, while all theſe blooming ſweets ſeemed doomed to wither in the deſert air, unſeen, except by the homely village ſwains, unadmired, except by the good Canoneſs.

She, it is true, was all ecſtaſy, and never ceaſed regretting the happy times of knighthood and enamoured chevaliers, when Caro-

line

line would have, undoubtedly, been the paragon of courts, the arbitreſs of tilts and tournaments, and the reward of valour that never had been equalled. How often did ſhe vow, as ſhe beheld her, ſilently appealing to every ſacred power, that the Count of Walſtein never ſhould be maſter of ſuch a profuſion of charms! How unappeaſable, how enraged, how furious would ſhe have been, had ſhe known ſhe was already his, and that Caroline was thus improving, thus embelliſhing, for him alone! A Prince, at leaſt, ſhe deſerved, but might the Canoneſs have choſen, it ſhould have been a huſband of romance, beauteous as Aſtolpho, faithful as Amadis, and tender as Celadon: neither could ſhe help being aſtoniſhed to find that they did not come in crowds to Rindaw, to diſpute the hand of the lovely Caroline.

As

As to Caroline herſelf, ſhe was aſtoniſhed at none of theſe things, and only deſired to remain as ſhe was. Ever peaceable, and ever buſy, happineſs ſeemed incapable of increaſe, except that, ſometimes, when ſhe was alone, and even in the midſt of thoſe occupations ſhe moſt delighted in, ſhe would feel a kind of mild melancholy come over her, or rather a dream, a revery without ſubject, and without end, of which ſhe knew not, nor ſought, the cauſe. This was a very different ſort of ſenſation from that which her marriage had occaſioned; the one was painful and oppreſſive, the other ſo pleaſant that, were it not for the efforts ſhe occaſionally made, ſhe could have remained whole hours in that kind of gentle trance which the gueſts of heaven only are ſuppoſed perfectly to enjoy.

In

In theſe happy occupations and ſtill happier dreams did winter glide away, for nothing makes time ſo ſhort as employing it well; and the return of ſpring began to add to her pleaſures, which, however, were cruelly interrupted. Her good Mamma, who ſo long had been languiſhing, at laſt, fell dangerouſly ill. To know how ſincerely ſhe was attached to the Canoneſs, to expreſs the greatneſs of her fears, and to imagine all the duties, cares, and attentions ſhe paid her, one muſt have the heart of Caroline. During her illneſs, which laſted almoſt a month, ſhe never quitted her bedſide, and it was with difficulty they could get her to repoſe a little while, occaſionally, in the ſame chamber. Let no one imagine that the fear of again falling into her father's or her huſband's power, if her friend ſhould die, occaſioned this ſevere grief. However

natural

natural such a thought might be, it never once entered her mind. Harassed by apprehension, absorbed in sorrow, wholly occupied by nursing, and solacing, and fearing for her friend, Caroline never once thought of herself.

No; had it been necessary to restore life to the Canoness, that Caroline must have yielded hers to the Count, she would not have hesitated a single instant. But, happily, to this cruel proof she was not put. Heaven, touched by her tears, attentive to her prayers, which never saint offered more sincere, preserved the life of her friend; the good Canoness recovered by degrees, to which recovery the tenderness of Caroline did not, perhaps, contribute less than the prescriptions of the physician; at least, so the Canoness thought, and so said, and

therefore

therefore redoubled, if it were poſſible, her former attachment to the lovely girl who gave ſuch unequivocal proofs of affection.

During her illneſs ſhe received a viſit from the High Chamberlain. Alarmed, as he proteſted, at the danger of his dear friend, he had flown to Rindaw. Some people have pretended this was not his motive, but that he had hoped to take back his daughter, and with her own conſent. Continually controverted in all his ſchemes, he, unfortunately, found the ſick lady ſomewhat better, and the attentive Caroline never out of her ſight, never leaving her for a moment, more powerfully fixed at Rindaw by her love for the Canoneſs than even by her fear of the Count. This, certainly, was not the time to mention returning, nor yet the place, wherefore not a hint was dropped,

dropped, nor was the name of Walſtein once pronounced, who was ſtill at Peterſburgh.

The Canoneſs, indeed, would have pronounced it if ſhe could, that is, if ſhe had been able to expreſs all the indignation ſhe felt at this marriage; but, alas! ſhe was too weak, ſhe only juſt told the High Chamberlain that his daughter was an angel, that her life was preſerved by her affection and care, and that ſhe would, therefore, conſecrate her life to her happineſs. The Baron ſoon departed, informing them he ſhould pay them a ſecond viſit in autumn. It was then he expected the return of the Ambaſſador, and he told his daughter he hoped to find her perfectly reaſonable and prudent.

At

At any other time a visit from her father would have most powerfully brought to mind what Caroline most wished to forget, but she was then too much occupied by her cares for her friend, and had lately been too much agitated concerning her, to think of any thing else. Present danger effaces or, at least, enfeebles the fear of future, and Caroline was too happy to see the Canoness recovering to imagine she ever could be miserable.

Not but that, at the Baron's departure, the autumnal visit he announced with so much solemnity occasioned a kind of dread she could not overcome; and, without remembering the emotion she might cause her convalescent, she fell on her neck, kissed her cheeks, bathed them with her tears, and exclaimed, "O my dear, dear Mamma, now you

you are reſtored to me, never will I leave you more, but live and die with you." Her friend, affected even to exceſs, returned her careſſes, and promiſed that, if poſſible, they would never ſeparate.

The fear of the moment over, peace again took poſſeſſion of the ſoul of Caroline. She preſently forgot the autumnal viſit which was at ſo prodigious a diſtance. Is it for ſixteen to fear an evil ſix months before it ſhall happen? Not to mention that ſhe had ſomething elſe to do than think about any ſuch thing. As ſoon as the Canoneſs was ſufficiently recovered, ſhe ran, morning and evening, about the garden, from flower to flower, and from arbour to arbour, enchanted and amazed at the progreſs which nature had made during her month's retreat, that the ſorrows of a ſuf-

fering

fering friend had not contributed to enliven. Never before had the return of ſpring made ſuch an impreſſion upon her: for, indeed, this was the firſt time of her life ſhe had remarked and felt the growing charms of the reviving earth in all their infant varieties; then, when each returning day Nature aſſumes a newer, and ſtill a freſher face; ſtill bequeaths other, and more abundant, bleſſings to man; and, with her pure breath, inſpires pleaſure, plenty, and gladneſs of heart!

What a contraſt, this, to the cloſe chamber, the bed of pain, watered with tears, the diſtracting complaints of her dear friend, and the dread of being left deſolate; for, if her friend died, who ſhould comfort Caroline! Yes, theſe mournful objects, theſe fearful apprehenſions were exchanged for

the cowſlip meadow, the budding grove, the lilac, the violet, honeyſuckle, and the roſe of May, to which ſucceeded the hyacinth, the ranunculus, the anemone, and the tulip, enamelling the earth and perfuming the air. At day-break was heard the warbling of ten thouſand birds, and at the ſetting ſun the nightingale and the linnet again began their ſong, reſponſive from tree to tree, in ſounds melodious, wild, and ſweet.

Nothing was indifferent to, nothing loſt, nothing unobſerved by, Caroline. She felt all, all enjoyed, enjoyed with rapture; believed ſhe inhabited an enchanted world, and her happineſs remained uninterrupted. The ſeaſon, reviving to Nature, gave new life and health alſo to her friend, and ſhe recovered rapidly. A weakneſs in the hams and a diſorder of the eyes made her ſtill

keep

keep her chamber, but she could breathe the pure air of spring in the balcony; she could see her Caroline course along the gardens, collect the flowers, support those that drooped, and water and preserve them from weeds; she could hear her sweet voice mingle with the song of birds, and thus enjoyed the pleasures and the sports of Caroline.

Another very interesting incident was added to this rural happiness of the youthful Countess. She wished to raise some monument consecrated to her friend, and the happy epocha of her recovery. Desirous of causing an agreeable surprise, she took advantage of the time during which the Canoness was still held recluse in her chamber, to erect a small temple without her knowledge. For which reason, she chose her spot in an angle of the garden, and at

the far end of it, towards which the windows of the Canoneſs did not look. On this ſpot was a wild irregular arbour, full in foliage. The beech tree, the hazle, the woodbine, and the jeſſamine, were there abundant; among them the path that led to the arbour winded, and beſide them a ſmall clear brook ran murmuring.

The Canoneſs had planted this arbour during the time her unfortunate paſſion was at its height: the name of the perfidious High Chamberlain had been traced on every tree by her beauteous hand; and ſhe had always preſerved her former predilection for this ſpot, the ſcene of her ſorrows, her tenderneſs and truth.

Caroline was pleaſed with it, likewiſe; the thick ſhrubs and uninterrupted ſecurity made

made it the delighted haunt of the red breaſt, the wren, the finch, and the linnet, and the Baroneſs and Caroline had, many a ſummer, paſſed delicious moments amid the refreſhing foliage. At the farther end, therefore, of this favoured aſylum did ſhe reſolve to erect the Temple of Friendſhip. Caroline informed her father, ſecretly, of her project, which he willingly forwarded by ſending her the neceſſary workmen. A door which opened to the road gave them free egreſs and regreſs, without being perceived from the chateau, and Caroline was too great a favourite among the ſervants to fear their indiſcretion. The Canoneſs, confined to her apartment, ſuſpected nothing of all this; Caroline might, perhaps, have betrayed herſelf, had it happened ſix months ſooner, but ſhe had learned to keep one ſecret, and the ſecond

was certainly far leſs burthenſome. Neither care, aſſiduity, nor money were wanting; her zeal communicated itſelf to the workmen; ſhe furniſhed ideas, drew plans, and was always the firſt in the morning at the building, which went forward with exceſſive rapidity, and which was finiſhed in leſs than a month.

As ſoon as the temple was ready for the reception of her friend ſhe was moſt earneſt in her intreaties to go there. "The air of your arbour, Mamma, is ſo cool, ſo refreſhing, ſo pure, the foliage is ſo abundant, and the flowers ſo ſweet, you will be delighted."

"I have no doubt of it, my dear, but thou knoweſt I cannot walk ſo far."

"If

"If that be all, I will carry you thither myself, Mamma."

Caroline was so pressing, that the Canoness, who could deny her nothing, suffered herself, at last, to be carried in her arm-chair, and was well rewarded for her condescension, by the surprise, the pleasure, and the new mark of affection thus testified by her adopted daughter.

This little temple, or pavilion, was an octagon; the architecture was exceedingly simple. Eight columns of white stucco left an open space, which was paved, in Mosaic, with black and white marble. In the middle was an altar of white marble ornamented with festoons of most elegant sculpture; upon the altar stood a bust of the Canoness, modelled after an exceedingly good portrait

in the poſſeſſion of Caroline. In her youth ſhe had been beautiful; and, when the High Chamberlain was her lover, he had more than one rival. It gave her pleaſure often to remark that ſhe was thought greatly to reſemble the ſtatue of Cleopatra. Though grief and years had ſtolen the roſes from her cheeks, and deſtroyed ſomewhat of this reſemblance, her features were ſtill ſufficiently regular for a very agreeable buſt.

Caroline was very deſirous of engraving ſome verſes on the baſe of the altar, indicating to whom it was conſecrated, but, as ſhe determined not to borrow, it was neceſſary to write them herſelf, and, as the talent of poetry is not, however it may be ſuppoſed, intuitive, but requires long application and ſevere ſtudy before it can be good, Caroline was not a good poet. She made

made the attempt, however, for when the feelings are ſtrong and the ideas flowing in abundance, the expreſſion of them ſeems, before trial, to be exceedingly eaſy; but, when the eſſay is made, is found to be exactly the reverſe. Caroline wrote and effaced, interlined, tore, began again, and, at laſt, wrote ſome verſes which might be, once, heard with pleaſure, but which did not deſerve to be engraved in marble. At firſt ſhe was enchanted with them, but preſently recoiled at recollecting they ſhould always remain there, and would be read by every one. Renouncing poetical fame, therefore, ſhe cauſed a ſimple inſcription, in letters of gold, to be written, beneath the buſt, indicating the day, the month, and the year in which the Canoneſs was ſnatched from the grave, herſelf reſtored to happineſs, and this Temple dedicated to Friendſhip.

A double ſtaircaſe of white marble led to an upper apartment of the ſame dimenſions and form with that beneath, that is to ſay octagonal, but walled in and lighted by four large windows. The ceiling was a lofty dome, painted with ſuch art that it perfectly imitated a moſt ſerene and chryſtal ſky. Round the walls, between the windows, were paintings, emblematic of the perſon to whom the temple was dedicated. In one of the partitions was Caroline, kneeling to Eſculapius, ardently invoking his aid, and pointing to her expiring friend. In the ſecond Caroline was aſſiſting her as ſhe roſe, while little Genii ſported around her, ſcattered flowers, overſet the table on which phials and phyſical remedies were placed, and broke the javelin of Death who was ſeen flying in the back ground. In the third a pavilion was building, Caroline

placing

placing the buſt upon the altar, and the Genii of friendſhip and gratitude engraving the inſcription. In the fourth, and laſt, Caroline was leading, and ſuſtaining with one arm, the Canoneſs, whoſe attitude expreſſed ſurpriſe and joy, and extending the other towards the temple ſhe had been building, and which ſhe there preſented to her.

The partitions were wainſcot, and had doors, behind each of which was a receſs for a ſmall library; a table ſtood in the middle, and cabriole chairs round the room.

In ſhort, nothing was forgotten, yet all was planned and conducted by a young girl of ſixteen; but this girl was inſpired and informed by Friendſhip; her heart overflowing with this affection, and, totally ignorant

of any other, loving by nature, without other object of attachment than this her dear and only friend, to her the effusions of sensibility were all directed, and the dread of losing her had rendered them still more creative, more powerful, and more profuse. Genius likewise begins to shew itself at her age, and the mind and imagination have then an ardor that must find employment, a fire that will have fuel. Independant of the pleasure she should give her friend, that which pertained to herself, alone, was far from small. To build was in some sort to create, each new idea was a new enjoyment, the execution and the effect of which gave her momentary rapture. Caroline, perhaps, never enjoyed greater felicity than while she was thus employed; so has she since frequently acknowledged, and never, afterwards,

afterwards, beheld this monument of affection and friendſhip without emotion.

Let the reader, if the reader can, imagine the ecſtaſy of the ſentimental Baroneſs. It was the denouement of a romance, an incident of ſurpriſe ſo unexpected, and ſo perfectly conformable to her ideas and taſte, that it ſeemed imagined and contrived purpoſely for her. A temple built by enchantment, by the wand of a Fairy, or the taliſman of a Genius. Behold her claſping the lovely Sylph in her arms to whom ſhe is indebted for this prodigy! and lo! Caroline kneeling, kiſſing her hands, and expreſſing her multitudinous ſenſations by looks and ſilence incapable of ſpeech! ſee them mingle their tears, each contending for ſuperior gratitude and love!

This

This was the moment in which Caroline felt happineſs unmixed, free from the ſlighteſt ſhade of pain, and as pure as it was innocent. Happy age! exiſting but for the preſent moment, forgetful of the paſt, and regardleſs of the future! Rindaw was the world to Caroline, and her pavilion the Temple of Felicity. So enamoured was ſhe of it that ſhe paſſed her whole time there, when ſhe was not with her friend. The moment ſhe left the Baroneſs ſhe flew to the pavilion, and ſhe ſcarcely could quit it without regret. The lofty dome was moſt excellently adapted to muſic, the ſound was echoed, lengthened and increaſed, and, accordingly, all the inſtruments were carried thither, ſo that, preſently, it was impoſſible to play or ſing any where but in the pavilion.

The

The clear light was equally excellent for drawing; for, by means of the four windows and Venetian blinds, the light might be diſpoſed in what manner the painter pleaſed; and pencils, pallets, and colours, were all tranſported thither.

The place was ſo tranquil, ſo undiſturbed, ſo free from noiſe and interruption, that it was the propereſt in the world for reading, and Caroline's whole library ſtole thither by degrees. Caroline ſcarcely had any other apartment; ſhe never entered her own room, except to ſleep or haſtily arrange her dreſs, and often in that of her dear Mamma ſhe felt a kind of impatience to be gone. Novelty creates a pleaſure which habit ſoon renders abſolutely neceſſary.

Let us, however, do juſtice to Caroline. She was all impatience that her friend ſhould

ſo far recover her ſtrength as daily to come and live with her in her dear pavilion; and ſo charmed was the Baroneſs, to ſee Caroline thus happy, that ſhe contributed every thing in her power to continue the ſweet delirium. How long it was to continue, how long ſhe was to love her pavilion for itſelf alone, we ſhall preſently ſee.

Hitherto, the tranquil exiſtence of Caroline has glided away untroubled in its progreſs, except the now forgotten week at Berlin, unmoleſted by love or hatred; for her repugnance to Walſtein, her dread of living with him, was not hatred; and if, by chance, ſhe thought of him, the remembrance inſpired gratitude for the preſent liberty in which ſhe lived. But this was, indeed, a kind of chance that ſeldom happened; ſeldom, indeed, did the recollection

of

of the Count intrude itſelf, and the enjoyment of preſent pleaſures effaced his image from her mind almoſt to total forgetfulneſs. Her freedom ſhe enjoyed as though it had been abſolute, and did not ill reſemble a bird ſecured by a thread, winging the air, warbling, and fancying itſelf as free as the feathered ſongſters that vault from buſh to buſh: its forgotten captivity is not perceived till the hand that retains it draws gently back, catches, and carefully again incloſes it within the cage.

Caroline had lately received ſome new muſic from Berlin; among it was a collection of lyric compoſitions, ſome of which ſhe was delighted with, and one in particular. The air ſuited her voice, and the words her feelings; ſhe ſang it from morning to night, accompanying herſelf alternately on the guitar,

guitar, the harp, and the piano forte, and each time of repeating it finding a wiſh and a pleaſure to repeat it again.

It is neceſſary to this our hiſtory that we ſhould inſert this ſong; and, perhaps, our readers will not be diſpleaſed to ſee words that gave Caroline ſo much delight.

I.

Gentle Eugenia, lovely maid,
Supine on flow'ry bank was laid,
She and the year alike were in their ſpring;
Of Love ſhe oft had heard the name,
Of Love ſhe ne'er had felt the flame,
Gentle Eugenia thus was heard to ſing:
" Peaceful Indiff'rence, let me know,
" Of Bliſs art thou the friend, or foe?

II.

" Love lives and breathes in every part
" Of Nature's works, except my heart;

" Each

" Each boſom heaves, ſave mine, with melting ſighs;
" Ah why this apathy, this calm?
" If Love be Nature's ſov'reign balm,
" Why ſhould not I with Nature ſympathize?
" Indiff'rence, thou, if this be ſo,
" No friend of Bliſs art, but the foe.

III.

" Yet, lo, the butterfly and bee,
" From bud to bud, inconſtant, flee;
" On ſweets they ſurfeit, firſt, and then forſake;
" And, thus, to rove and riot prone,
" Has Love, like them, been ever known
" Of ſelfiſh pleaſures eager to partake.
" Ah! dear Indiff'rence, thee I know
" The friend of Bliſs, and not the foe.

IV.

" Diſloyal, and devoid of truth,
" Full many a virgin, many a youth,
" Thou, Love, to ſighs and tears, untold, doſt doom;
" While I can peaceful ſit and ſmile,
" As free from ſorrow as from guile,
" Can view the young lambs ſport, the flow'rets bloom.
" Yes, dear Indiff'rence, thee I know
" The friend of Bliſs, and not the foe."

Thus

V.

Thus ſang the maid, and Love, who, long,
Had angry liſten'd to the ſong,
Strait vow'd revenge, and ſeiz'd the pointed dart;
And, ere the ſound had well expir'd,
'Twas whirl'd, and as it fled it fir'd;
The virgin felt it glowing in her heart:
Eugenia ſigh'd, "Yes! now I know
"Indiff'rence is of Bliſs the foe!"

As ſhe was ſinging this ſong, one day, in the pavilion, and, as it this time happened, accompanying herſelf with her guitar, ſhe expreſſively repeated

Yes, dear Indiff'rence, thee I know
The friend of Bliſs, and not the foe,

when ſhe heard another voice, as ſweet and melodious as her own, but deeper and more ſonorous, that ſung, as a ſecond,

Liſten to Love, and thou ſhalt know
Indiff'rence is of Bliſs the foe.

The

The accent, the voice, the expreſſion, were very different from the ruſtic ſongs to which ſhe was accuſtomed, and gave her infinite ſurpriſe. She left ſinging, liſtened, but heard the voice no more; ſhe then again began to ſing, but in a ſofter tone, and an accompaniment leſs loud, and diſtinctly heard, as ſhe wiſhed, the voice again. With her guitar in her hand, ſhe ran towards the caſement to look towards the high road, where ſhe ſaw a youth, beauteous, finely formed, and arrived at full manhood, in a hunting dreſs, leaning on his fowling piece, with his eyes fixed on the temple. This, no doubt, was the perſon who ſang. Caroline, however, had but a glance of him; for the moment ſhe beheld him, confuſed and aſhamed of having been heard and ſeen, and of her own curioſity, ſhe inſtantly retired to the farther ſide of the pavilion,

where,

where, ſtanding on tip-toe, and ſtretching forwards, ſhe looked, with all her might, through the window from which ſhe had fled; but it was too far diſtant, ſhe could ſee nothing. She would have begun again to ſing, only to ſee if ſhe ſhould again have been accompanied, but her voice failed her, ſhe could not, or durſt not, force out a ſingle ſound, and ſcarcely, and but lightly, could ſhe touch a few chords on her guitar. Thus ſhe remained for ſome time; at length, no longer able to ſubdue her curioſity, after having advanced eight paces and retired four, ſhe took courage, and went up to the window. Alas! the beauteous ſportſman, the youth, was gone; ſhe ſaw him ſlowly proceeding along the road, and turning his head, every moment, anxiouſly, towards the pavilion.

This

This was a very trifling adventure, to be ſure; perfectly, at leaſt apparently, inſignificant in its conſequences. A ſportſman paſſed, by chance, near a pavilion newly erected, and decorated with taſte. He ſaw, remarked it, and heard moſt ſweet muſic as he ſtood; he liſtened, and yielded to the deſire of joining in ſounds ſo delightful. He then beheld a charming virgin approach the window, and it was very natural he ſhould look at her. What, indeed, could be more natural? And yet was Caroline occupied, the whole day, by reflecting on theſe incidents, as if they had been the moſt extraordinary poſſible.

We own that to Caroline, who ſaw each ſucceeding day but like the day before, a common incident might ſeem ſtrange, and any being who ſhould interrupt ſolitude, ſo

continued.

continued and ſo abſolute as hers, might well appear ſingular. Of this youth, therefore, ſhe often thought, and as often wondered who he might be, or why he ſhould travel a road where beings like himſelf were ſo ſeldom ſeen. Of theſe her cogitations, however, ſhe ſaid not a word, for ſhe felt ſome vague idea of dread leſt her dear pavilion ſhould become an interdicted place, and this, to her, would have been worſe than death.

On the morrow, therefore, ſhe flew with more early haſte even than uſual, and, after having paſſed an hour, looking through the window towards the road, and well aſſuring herſelf, by examining every way, that no one could either ſee or hear her, ſhe took her guitar, ſat down with the ſaſh thrown up, and ſang her favourite ſong from beginning

ginning to end; and, though she always had liked the last verse the least, it, this time, so far took her fancy that it was repeated: she next sung it to her harp, and afterwards to her piano forte. At this, however, she did not long remain, for it stood at the far end of the pavilion, and Caroline found the air so pure, so mild, so refreshing, that she could not possibly sit any where but at the window. She had written down the second that she had heard, and repeated in every kind of mode

Yes, dear Indifference, thee I know
The friend of Bliss, and not the foe;

which, alas! no one came to contradict.

Tired, at length, and, for aught we know, somewhat chagrined to sing so long by herself when there were people in the world who so harmoniously could bear a part, she

threw down her music, laid by her instrument, ran into the garden, plucked some flowers which she tossed without order into her flower-basket, and, for want of other amusement, again returned to the pavilion, took up her pallet and her pencil, and carelessly began to imitate the tints and beauties she had been collecting. It was with difficulty, at first, she could any way fix her attention, and she looked oftener toward the window than the pannel on which she painted; but her work, by degrees, drew her attention and wholly occupied her. The flowers, which from her traces took birth, pleased her; each new touch was happy, and gave a new effect; the powers of genius were roused and high in action when, suddenly, the clattering of a horse's hoofs were heard at a distance.

This

This noiſe, though of a very different nature, was little leſs ſurpriſing than the melodious ſounds of the evening before; it bore no reſemblance to the ſlow and heavy ſtep of the beaſt of burden or the village horſe. Accordingly, the pencil was thrown by, and Caroline, in a moment, was at the window, looking every way. She preſently beheld, and not far diſtant, a fine handſome man, mounted on a gray horſe that champed the bit he ſeemed to diſdain, and foaming obeyed the reſtraining hand of his graceful rider.

How obſervant, how piercing, how exact is the female eye! Scarcely had Caroline ſeen the ſtranger of over-night, who was in a green ſporting dreſs; the preſent youth wore a uniform; the one was on foot, the other on horſeback; the firſt ſung, the lat-

ter gallopped. How little did these things resemble each other! and yet did Caroline, instantly, recollect these two to be one and the same person. It was not possible to resist that curiosity that desired to know if this youth could ride as well as he could sing. He, or rather his horse, advanced, for the proud animal was difficult to detain and not easy to manage; yet was he forgotten the moment his rider had a glance of Caroline: the hand quitted the bridle for the hat, for what cavalier would forbear to salute an angelic creature who appeared to be the goddess of the temple? and the impatient steed, profiting by momentary liberty, and, perhaps, somewhat frightened at the sudden motion of the rider, gave a prodigious plunge, which would have unhorsed a rider less firm and daring, and set off, full speed, regardless of every effort of

the

the cavalier, and, quick as lightning, was out of sight.

Caroline, greatly terrified, gave a piercing shriek, and followed the horse and his rider with looks of anxiety and dread as long as she could, which, however, was but a moment; they were gone, but her fears remained, and again, and ardently, she looked, though nothing was there to be seen. Fear, like other beings, propagates and multiplies, and Caroline saw the noble cavalier falling from his horse, rolled in the dust, wounded, and trampled on.——If the dangerous beast would but run towards the village, he might there, perhaps, be stopped, the people might come to his master's aid, and they might bring him back, if wounded, to the chateau. For a moment she thought to have sent the servants after him, but after

whom? She herself knew not. And which road? for there were several at leaving the village. Besides, it was not easy to overtake a horse full speed. And then how could she give these orders? It seemed so particular, at least so she feared it would seem. No, she never could resolve, and, therefore, remain she must with all her anxious inquietudes.

These she endeavoured to calm by recollecting how firm, how graceful, the officer sat, and how certain he seemed of his power before that vexatious salutation, for which she wholly reproached herself; having no other person to salute, she hoped the horse would lose his fears, and the cavalier regain his command; and even that she should be happy enough to see him again, on the morrow; "and really," said she to herself,

herſelf, "he ought to come merely to quiet my apprehenſions."

The agitation of Caroline had totally deprived her of any deſire any longer to ſing or paint; ſo, after a few turns in the garden, ſtill thinking on the youth who, like an apparition, had twice ſuddenly appeared, and twice as ſuddenly vaniſhed, ſhe returned to keep the Baroneſs company; to whom, however, ſhe did not mention a ſyllable of what had happened; fearing, no doubt, to terrify her as much as ſhe had been terrified herſelf. She went to bed impatiently wiſhing for the morrow, and ardently hoping ſhe ſhould either ſee the ſtranger or, at leaſt, be certified he had eſcaped unhurt. Yeſterday, ſimple and pure curioſity had engaged her to think of him; to day, humanity was added, for the

life of a man was endangered. After many reflections on the subject, and after being very angry with unruly horses, that will not suffer cavaliers to be polite, and take off their hats to ladies, Caroline, at last, fell asleep.

On the morrow ——— Why on the morrow it rained, in torrents, from morning to night; it was a day that might well have been a day during Noah's flood; it was as impossible to go to the pavilion, as it was to suppose any one could ride out on such a day. Caroline, baulked in all her expectations, found the day intolerably tedious, and, tired, and vexed to death, could find no mode pleasantly to employ her time; her books, her music, her drawings, all were at the pavilion; her heart was at the pavilion, also, and she herself most impatiently wished to be there, but, ah! it was impossible.

Conversations

Converſations with her dear Mamma, concerning rain and fine weather, and moſt ſincere wiſhes for the return of the latter, ſinging the burthen of *Peaceful Indifference*, and imagining the ſecond, remembering the galloping horſe, and again hoping for the morrow, were the beſt means Caroline could find of paſſing the day. The morrow—why this good-for-nothing morrow was as bad as the former one; the rain was worſe and worſe, and the clouds ſeemed all to have made an appointment to meet at Rindaw. It was too much for nature to bear, and Caroline, for the firſt time in her life, was really out of temper, and ſhewed ſhe was ſo. "Is it not intolerable, Mamma, that one cannot ſo much as ſtep into the pavilion? There is my flower-baſket, which I had begun to paint! The flowers will be all faded, and thoſe in the garden will be beat

down and deluged by this good-for-nothing unceasing rain! I shall find the leaves all torn from the roses, and nothing but the thorns remaining."

Alas! poor Caroline! the thorns already are in thy heart; thy gaiety, before so uniform, is now no more; that cheerful void of care, happily improvident, which gave thee smiles and songs, as well beneath the gloomy as the golden and the azure sky, that and these are fled.

So impatient was Caroline once more to behold the dazzling brightness of the sun, that she consulted, on this second day, every barometer and every servant in the house; every moment was looking to see if the clouds were likely to disperse; but, no, they seemed for ever emptying and for ever increasing.

increaſing. At length, however, in the evening, a purple cloud, ſtreaking the horizon, gave ſome ſmall hopes; a freſh wind ſprang up, and they were confirmed; and in the morning, when Caroline waked, ſhe had the pleaſure to perceive the ſun's rays illuminating her curtains, and the ſhining ardor of day enlightening her apartment. The diſappointment of the time paſt augmented the pleaſure of the time preſent, and ſcarcely would ſhe wait till the path was dry before ſhe flew to the pavilion.

Not her flowers, ſo much regretted, not her books for which ſhe ſeemed to ſigh, nor yet her muſic, which might enliven the dulneſs of dark and cloudy weather, were the things that firſt drew her attention: it was the window and the road, uniform and inanimate as ſuch objects may ſeem, that

attracted and rivetted the eyes of Caroline. She looks this way, that way, and every way; she listens and fears to breathe; yet nothing sees, nothing hears; she examines the humid green sward, and the gravel path, trying if she can discover the new-made traces of a horse's hoof. "Ah! could I only know he had passed this way, that he were safe, that no accident had happened, how tranquil, how perfectly contented should I be! For, certainly, I was the cause of his misfortune. If I had left the window, he would not have pulled off his hat, and his horse would not have been frightened; but only let me get the least glimpse of him, once again, and I will withdraw instantly, that he no more may be tempted to salute me." Thus to herself said Caroline.

Now, so it happened, just as thus she had said, she not only had a glimpse, but a full

full view of a cavalier, wearing the same uniform, mounted on the same gray, unruly horse, and advancing, full trot, towards the pavilion, from which he was yet at some distance. Well, then, there he was, safe and unhurt, and Caroline, *no doubt*, was made perfectly easy; and, *no doubt*, she will retire, as she promised herself, and think of him no more.

But wherefore the tremor which suddenly has seized her? Wherefore this quickening pulse, this palpitating heart, this spreading suffusion that dies alabaster scarlet, and gives the rose of the cheek a deeper hue? I know not wherefore these things were; I only know they were, and that Caroline was all agitation. She was going to leave the window, but just at that moment, for things will sometimes happen oddly, her handkerchief,

chief, on which she had been leaning, fell, and was borne, (no doubt by Zephyrs, for they are apt at wanton and malicious tricks) yes, it was borne into the middle of the highway.

Caroline was absolutely in despair: the act was most surely involuntary, yet so it might not seem; not forgetting that this was still more dangerous to the cavalier than the salute she meant to avoid; for it is certainly less difficult to take off one's hat, on horse-back, than to pick up a handkerchief from the ground. This was a very just conclusion, but so was not the next she made; she supposed the cavalier still so far distant as to give her time to run down, open the pavilion door, sally forth, pick up her handkerchief, and re-enter before he should arrive. The idea she thought excellent, it

seemed

ſeemed to be the only poſſible expedient of clearly demonſtrating that the handkerchief had not been purpoſely thrown out of the window for the cavalier to pick up; nor was there time to loſe in reflection; away, therefore, ſhe flew to the door, opened it, and was ſtepping out at the very moment that the young officer, after alighting from his horſe, was himſelf in the act of taking up the handkerchief.

With a graceful and dignified manner the youth approached, and, in an elegant compliment, returned his prize; while Caroline, diſconcerted, and unable to reply, extended her timid hand. The youth, with infinite modeſty, begged permiſſion to ſee the garden and the pavilion, which, he ſaid, appeared moſt charming. Underſtanding the ſilence of the trembling Caroline as conſent,

consent (cavaliers will so understand) he presently hung the bridle of his horse to the pavilion door and followed her.

The latent feelings of Caroline told her she ought to have denied his request; but which way? Caroline was naturally all benevolence, and there is something painful in denial. Neither did she perceive any infinite evil which could thence result. Her own innocence, her total ignorance of the world, concealed the danger that might lurk thus under the form of a youthful soldier. Beside, his uniform spoke him a gentleman, and the noble ease of his manner of no mean birth: his politeness was so natural, so graceful, so familiar, the tone of his voice, his modest confidence, all confirmed him perfectly well bred. The symmetry and beauty of his form made not all that

impression

impreſſion which might naturally be expected, becauſe Caroline durſt not look at him; and yet ſhe had ſeen ſufficient to find that his full fine eyes were moſt expreſſively intelligent, and ſhe very ſoon could have informed us that his teeth were white and regular, his ſmile enchanting, his noſe aquiline, his viſage oval, his eyebrows markingly arched, his ſtature tall, his dark complexion animated by the warm glow of youth and health, and that his open and frank countenance inſpired confidence and friendſhip the moment they were beheld. All theſe things had the furtive glances of the beauteous Counteſs preſently remarked. This might, perhaps, in part, excuſe that facility with which ſhe ſuffered him to walk up into the pavilion; unleſs it ſhould be thought more natural to caſt the whole blame on abſolute Innocence, too ſecure in

its

its own simplicity. But whether this or that excuse were best, there he is, there looks, there admires, there praises with ecstasy, and yet with propriety, void of exaggeration, the taste and the talents which had decorated the temple. The altar and paintings particularly fixed his attention. He asked an explanation; it was given, and thus he gained a happy opportunity of learning to whom the place belonged without the indelicacy of interrogation, though neither the names of the Baroness of Rindaw or the High Chamberlain Lichtfield made him more polite, more attentive, or more respectful; for that was impossible.

The song and the guitar were laying on the piano forte, which, with a gentle but submissive smile, led him to mention the second, and to ask pardon for that temerity.

which

which had ſuffered him to mingle his voice with the harmonious ſounds he had heard, and which, he added, he ſhould be moſt happy again to hear. He ſaw the propoſition augmented the confuſion of Caroline; he ſaid not a word more concerning it, therefore, but ſpoke of muſic, its effects and charms, like one who felt them, and was the firſt to propoſe quitting the pavilion and walking in the garden.

The fortitude of Caroline began to return; the ſtranger's converſation was ſo agreeable, ſo unaffected, and yet ſo animated, that it could not long leave her under any conſtraint; and, after a turn or two in the garden, Caroline ſpoke to him as naturally as if they had been acquainted all their lives. With the moſt perfect ſimplicity did ſhe relate the terror with which ſhe had

been

been seized at the impetuosity of the unmanageable horse, and tell all her fears and apprehensions during those two dreadful days of rain. Desirous, however, as she was to learn the name of the cavalier, this was a thing she durst not ask; she only understood he was captain in the guards, and her country neighbour, which both gave her pleasure; for the one informed her he was a proper visitor, and the other that she should certainly see him again.

A quarter of an hour, which, short as it was, seemed still infinitely shorter, they thus conversed; when the steed, neighing and pawing at the door, became so impatient that his master was obliged, however unwilling, again to mount. "Really," said Caroline to him as he threw the bridle over his neck, "were I in your place, Sir, I

should

ſhould not like a horſe that would neither permit one to take off one's hat nor walk in a garden."—Ah! how infinite are the charms of Innocence! The ſtranger, with a ſmile half reſtrained, aſſured Caroline his horſe ſhould be better taught, and that, indeed, he had played him too many malicious tricks, of which he ſhould be corrected; then, lightly vaulting into the ſaddle, after a thouſand repeated thanks to Caroline for her condeſcenſion, he departed, as ſlowly as poſſible, curbing the haughty animal to obedience. Caroline, as ſlowly, returned to the pavilion; as ſoon, that is, as he was out of ſight; her head, aye and her heart too, wholly occupied by the departed cavalier.

"How amiable his perſon! how ſoft, how attentive his manners! Oh that Heaven had given me a brother like him! How

dearly would he have been beloved!—— But wherefore may I not love this youth as I should love a brother, or as a friend, sent by Heaven to make solitude cheerful? Yet how do I know if ever I shall behold him again?"

Thus meditated Caroline; and what the thought was which, added to this latter, so might move her we know not, but Caroline felt a sudden oppression at her heart, and the tear rose glistening in her eye. Sensible of this, and somewhat alarmed, she was desirous to divert her attention to other objects, and sat down to her music; but the two days rain had put her harp and guitar out of tune, and she was obliged to lay them by; the piano forte was less affected, and she played an adagio, which but augmented melancholy. To painting she had

had next recourſe, but with no better ſucceſs; and reading was ſtill leſs amuſing than either: ſhe opened books, but they ſeemed dull and ill written before ſhe had finiſhed a period. Some change muſt certainly have taken place, for objects that before gave pleaſure at preſent gave diſtaſte, or painful laſſitude at beſt.

Caroline returned to the garden, and took the ſame round ſhe lately had gone with the cavalier, ſtopped at the ſame places, and recollected every expreſſion, every attitude, and every look. The grand queſtion now remained to be determined; that is to ſay, whether ſhe ſhould, or ſhould not, tell all that had happened to the good Canoneſs. Silence was diſagreeable, and to myſtery Caroline was naturally averſe; yet ſhe ſeemed more averſe to ſpeak on the preſent occaſion.

occasion. She knew not how to speak, nor what to speak; and, supposing there to be nothing wrong in keeping the secret, there was nothing difficult in it; for secresy was, at present, become habitual, and she herself, it may be, less communicative. Beside, what should she say? "Why mention a person, whom, perhaps, I shall never see again, whose name I know not? It will be time enough if he should return. And then should the Baroness blame me for having admitted him into the garden, forbid me the pavilion, and not suffer me any more to look out of the window!"

Caroline half shuddered, as thus she meditated, and resolved not to tell what had happened. When, however, she returned to her friend, she could not forbear asking a thousand questions concerning the neighbourhood,

bourhood, for two leagues round. As the Canoness never was visited, Caroline knew none of the neighbours; nor had she ever, before, made the least inquiry; though her good friend made a merit of knowing the genealogy of all their families through every branch. To question her concerning the characters and affairs of her neighbours was taking her on her weak side; and poor Caroline had a hundred histories to hear, while the only one to which she could have listened with pleasure was unrelated. Not the least circumstance could she learn that had any reference to the stranger. Here lived an old Baron who had retired from the army, with his wife as old as himself, shut up in their chateau; there a young couple, with several children, but they were infants, and all girls. Yonder, as you entered the village, an ancient Commander of the Teu-

tonic Order; very infirm, very avaricious, and on very good terms with his Gouvernante. A little farther, an old dowager, with an only ſon of five and twenty.

Caroline, who was half aſleep, no ſooner heard of the only ſon of five and twenty, than ſhe was as perfectly awake as ever ſhe had been in her life; but to little purpoſe was ſhe diſturbed, for this only ſon was deformed, and half an ideot, with no other employment than what hunting and drinking afforded, and who, notwithſtanding his great riches, could perſuade no woman to become his wife. Ah! thought Caroline, that is not my cavalier.

The Baroneſs continued, for it was not eaſy to interrupt her, and ſhe was inexhauſtible. At laſt, Caroline, quite wearied,

and

and learning nothing of what she most desired to know, wishing to be alone, took advantage of a slight head-ach, and retired sooner than usual. "He is not my neighbour, then," said she, sighing. "And has he deceived, could he deceive me? If so, I shall never see him more. Well then I must forget, never think of him more."

Moncrief has said that the very act of determining to forget makes us remember. Thus Caroline, fortifying herself in this her noble resolution, forgot the cavalier by recollecting every word that had passed; and, thus ruminating, dropt asleep. No doubt the project of thinking on him no more was her first on waking the next morning. She rose, and resolved not to go to the pavilion all the forenoon; habit was very strong and was with difficulty van-

quiſhed, yet vanquiſhed it was: ſhe raiſed her drooping flowers, examined her aviary, and ſat down to her embroidery, every moment repeating, "I muſt think of him no more," and as often looking towards the pavilion. "Dear pavilion," ſaid Caroline, ſighing, "I am never happy but when I am there; I muſt pay it a viſit, but it ſhall be very very late, when I am ſure no perſon is walking. I will not go, at ſooneſt, before four o'clock in the afternoon."

The day appeared exceedingly long, and Caroline perſuaded herſelf it was already far advanced, as ſhe ſauntered near the pavilion, when ſhe heard, in the very court yard of the chateau, the trampling of a horſe and the ſound of hoofs ſhe began to think ſhe recollected, which made her heart palpitate. In a moment a ſervant

enters

enters and announces the Baron of Lindorf. The aſtoniſhed Baroneſs recollects to have heard the name, and gives orders for his admiſſion; when the charming ſtranger of the pavilion, with all his grace and gentleneſs, appeared.

Poor Caroline, what was thy emotion! How bitterly didſt thou reproach thyſelf for not having mentioned him to thy friend! How deep are thy bluſhes at thy own diſſimulation! For, whether he ſpeak or whether he do not, thou art, equally, afraid of his indiſcretion and his ſilence.

Lindorf choſe the latter; a glance at Caroline, who, tremblingly confuſed, alternately pale and red, had courteſied to him with downcaſt eyes and timidity in every feature, in a moment informed him how it

was proper to act. He returned her salutation as if it had been the first time he had seen her; and, addressing himself to the Canoness, congratulated himself on the happiness of being her neighbour, with self-reproaches for not having sooner profited by this advantage.

The Baroness, to whom this youthful cavalier was a total stranger, asked an explanation, and learned that the Commander of the Teutonic Order had, like herself, been ill, but had not, like her, recovered; for he was lately dead, and the Baron of Lindorf, his nephew and heir, was come to take possession of the mansion and estate of Risberg, which was adjoining to the Barony of Rindaw. He had at first intended not to make a long stay, but the country had pleased him infinitely; and he had very lately

lately come to a reſolution to paſs the remainder of the ſummer there. His firſt wiſh was to be acquainted with his lovely neighbours, to preſent them his duty and his homage, and to ſolicit permiſſion theſe occaſionally to renew.

All this was ſaid looking towards Caroline, who, with her eyes fixed on her work, which ſhe was very induſtriouſly ſpoiling, kept a profound ſilence. Thanks, however, to the good Canoneſs, the converſation was not therefore interrupted; ſhe gave the hiſtory of her whole illneſs, then reverted, with great pity, to that of the Commander, and lamented his death, of which ſhe had been wholly ignorant. "It was but yeſterday," ſaid ſhe, "I mentioned him to Caroline, who had aſked me who were my neighbours."

Lindorf did not recollect himself soon enough totally to suppress a smile, and Caroline was absolutely ready to faint with shame and vexation.

The Baroness proceeded with compliments to the heir, and inquiries concerning the estate and property, which must, from the character of the Commander, be considerable. After which came interrogatories concerning the degree of kindred in which the deceased and the youth stood, all which she answered herself. "Oh! I am acquainted with every branch of the family. Your name is Lindorf, is it not? Yes, yes, your name is Lindorf; and you inherit in right of my Lady, your mother. She, yes, she was Baroness of Risberg, own sister to the Commander, as I think; yes, yes, I am sure she was. To be sure, I was not personally

ſonally acquainted with her, but one of your lady aunts was educated in the very convent I was, and ſhe told me of this marriage of her ſiſter with your father. Aye, with the Baron of Lindorf, I remember it as well as if it had only happened yeſterday. There was a mutual paſſion, real and true love, and I was exceedingly affected by the ſtory. Your aunt was in my confidence alſo; I told her of my paſſion for the High Chamberlain. Upon my word all this ſeems as if it had happened laſt week, and here I ſee a fine young gentleman——the eldeſt of the family, I ſuppoſe—Were there many children?—Is your father ſtill alive; and my Lady your mother too?——Ah! they ſtill adore each other, no doubt. Love, love only, can give happineſs; and my dear friend, your aunt, whom I juſt now mentioned, is ſhe dead? Is ſhe married? It is

ſo long ſince we ſaw each other, and I have lived retired here ſo many years, that I have quite loſt ſight of former friends."

Theſe queſtions ſucceeded each other with ſuch rapidity that Lindorf, ſurpriſed at the voluble haſte with which they were delivered, ſcarcely could find opportunity to come in with a yes; or no; I am an only ſon; I had the misfortune to loſe my parents; with like anſwers, as conciſe as poſſible. But his eyes, continually fixed on Caroline, would have ſaid many things to her if Caroline would have attended to them. She, ſeemingly obſervant of nothing but her work, had not ventured a ſingle word, when the Canoneſs, deſirous of doing honour to her friendſhip and affection, aſked her to ſhow the young cavalier her pavilion; and, not foreſeeing the leaſt obſtruction, began,

without

without waiting her reply, to give him its hiſtory; why it had been built, who by, the altar, the buſt, the inſcription, the painting, the ſurpriſe, and every thing; all which he knew as well as herſelf; though, by his manner, it might well have been ſuppoſed he had never heard it before.

To a heart undiſguiſed and ſincere by nature, a heart like Caroline's, this was too much; ſhe could ſupport it no longer, and when her friend, ſurpriſed at her backwardneſs to go to the pavilion, repeated her command, ſhe ſcarcely could articulate that a ſudden and ſtrange indiſpoſition had ſeized her, and that it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould go. In reality her voice was ſo affected, her face ſo pale, and her whole form ſo altered, that her indiſpoſition was ſufficiently viſible, and made the Baroneſs very uneaſy.

"Dear child, what can be the matter?" ſaid ſhe, laying her hand on her forehead. "Yeſterday evening I particularly remarked, when you came in, you ſeemed abſent, and your mind wholly occupied; and, for ſeveral days paſt, you have not only retired ſooner than ordinary but have been particularly melancholy and agitated. My Caroline, Sir, certainly has a fever; 'tis that vile pavilion that kills her. I aſſure you, Sir, ſhe is quite infatuated with it; and, lately, more than ever; for, notwithſtanding the humidity of the earth and the air, the moment it had ceaſed raining ſhe would be gone, by which means ſhe has caught cold."

Lindorf, without being remarkably vain, had heard ſufficient to imagine himſelf a party ſomewhat concerned; but, ſuffering with the ſuffering Caroline, and moſt deſirous

ſirous of relieving her from pain, he ſhortened his viſit, took leave of the ladies, and hoped the indiſpoſition of Caroline would have no bad conſequences.

Caroline made no other anſwer than by courteſying, and the Baroneſs, repeatedly, entreated Lindorf to take advantage of their near neighbourhood and come frequently to the chateau of Rindaw.——"It is but a ſtep," ſaid ſhe. "The poor Commander was gouty, and, during three parts of the year, never ſtirred abroad; but you, Sir, are young and agile, and it will be only a ſhort walk to our houſe. Miſs Lichtfield will not always be indiſpoſed, and ſome other day will ſhow you her pavilion: ſhe tells me it is moſt excellently adapted to muſic; you, no doubt, are a muſician, and you may play and ſing in concert."

It only wanted this laſt trait to complete the confuſion of Caroline, and the Baroneſs ſeemed not willing any thing ſhould be wanting. At length the cavalier departed, and the Canoneſs was ſilent. Caroline, however, was not greatly relieved; leaning on her great chair, her face hid by both her hands, with difficulty ſhe reſtrained the tears and ſobs that roſe thronging for paſſage. The Canoneſs attributed all to her indiſpoſition, and begged her to go and lay down. Caroline was glad to profit by the permiſſion. Her chagrin, however, went with her; but, being alone, ſhe could now abandon herſelf to grief, and again and again repeated, "Good God! what muſt he think of me!"

The Canoneſs, alone alſo, was occupied by ideas much leſs melancholy; the hand-

ſome,

ſome, the amiable Lindorf had abſolutely gained her heart; he was preciſely the huſband ſhe wiſhed for her dear Caroline. And how happy ſhould ſhe be to have her near her, at leaſt for a part of the year; and to ſee her ſo well, ſo properly, and ſo highly married. The young officer united in himſelf every thing ſhe wiſhed; youth, beauty, wit, birth, fortune; for, without mentioning his own wealth, of which he was before in poſſeſſion, being an only ſon and his parents deceaſed, the inheritance of the avaricious Commander muſt have been immenſe. Already high in rank in the army, every thing that ambition could hope he ſeemed formed to obtain.

The advantages of Lindorf were great, yet her dear Caroline was in no reſpect inferior; firſt, Caroline was an angel, and as

to

to fortune, that of the High Chamberlain was not to be disdained; to which she should add all her own; and, together, they would be vast. No match, in short, could be every way more proper; and she protested Caroline should be Baroness of Lindorf, or her endeavours should be strangely frustrated. She even fixed on the epocha for celebrating the wedding; the autumn following she determined on, when the High Chamberlain was to pay his promised visit.

In thinking all this she resolved carefully to conceal her projects and ideas even from Caroline. It would, certainly, be very difficult to be silent, but her passion for every thing romantic was still stronger than her inclination to talk. She imagined what a pleasure it would be to observe the effects of sympathy; to follow it through the progressions

greſſions of two young hearts; day after day to ſee paſſion augmented by hope and fear; and, at laſt, to make them happy at the very moment when they expected to be eternally miſerable. Oh! what delicious pleaſure, this, for the Baroneſs! But this ſhe could not obtain except by keeping her ſecret.

As to the projected union with the Count of Walſtein, ſhe troubled herſelf little concerning it; ſhe thought it impoſſible not to make the High Chamberlain underſtand reaſon; for he, moſt certainly, knew, by his own heart, the influence of mutual paſſion. "I need only (the Baroneſs was almoſt as ſimple and innocent as Caroline) I need only recall to memory how much we ſuffered for each other, and he will yield, with melting tears, to the happineſs of a pair of true lovers.

lovers. On this condition, too, I will leave Caroline all I poſſeſs. Beſide, when the High Chamberlain ſhall ſee the youthful Lindorf, all perfect as he is, can he, for a moment, make compariſon between him and a monſter? No, no; leave we ſympathy, love, and paternal tenderneſs to their natural effects, and the happineſs of my dear Caroline is for ever fixed."

While the good Canoneſs was compoſing her little romance, and enjoying, by anticipation, the tender ſcenes at which ſhe ſhould be preſent, and the ſweet delight of making two beings happy, Caroline was abandoning herſelf to grief and ſelf-reproach, for having acted ſo imprudently, and given Lindorf an idea ſo much the reverſe of her real character. Every word the Baroneſs had ſaid, though unintentionally, had made a wound; every

every word a thouſand times recalled the bluſhes and confuſion of Caroline. "I will leave Rindaw," ſaid ſhe, "never more to return. Yet to fly would be to confeſs my guilt; and to confirm the idea, the cruel, diſtracting idea, that I am diſſembling, falſe, and artful. Oh! impoſſible!"

Then did ſhe ſearch for and imagine all imaginary means of ſelf-juſtification; but found not one which did not increaſe, inſtead of eradicate, ſuſpicion. So troubled were her thoughts that all night long ſhe lay, reſtleſs, and diſturbed by ten thouſand fears and ſuſpicions; and, for the firſt time in her whole life, ſleep fled from the eyelids of Caroline. How long, how painful was this night, and yet how much was her agitation increaſed, the next morning, when a letter, addreſſed to her, was brought by a

ſervant

ſervant of Lindorf's, who was waiting for an anſwer! The offended Caroline had almoſt inſtantly returned it unopened.—"What," ſays ſhe, "does he write to me purpoſely to demonſtrate how much he deſpiſes me? Nothing but the idea he muſt have entertained of me, for my reprehenſible conduct, could have emboldened him to take ſuch a liberty. Yet is not this his excuſe? And am not I alone guilty? How polite, how reſpectful was he before the unfortunate viſit of yeſterday! Yes, I myſelf, alone, am to blame."

But what was to be done with the packet? To open it was impoſſible; to return it unopened was very ſevere. Beſide, who could tell what his thoughts, or what his ſtyle might be? The letter was held and turned in the hand, and looked at again and again,

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in every poſſible form, as if the eye wiſhed to penetrate the paper and purloin the contents. At laſt, a ray of light broke in upon the mind of Caroline; ſhe determined to run to the chamber of her dear Mamma, open her curtains, fall on her knees, and there, with tears and penitence, make a full confeſſion of all that had paſſed between her and Lindorf.

The execution was as prompt as the reſolve; the ſecond, the run-away horſe, the handkerchief, the walk in the garden, every circumſtance was related, even to the avowal of the ſecret reaſons of her ſilence, for which ſhe had been ſo ſeverely puniſhed.

"Judge, Mamma," ſaid Caroline, "what I ſuffered during his viſit! I really thought I ſhould have died! And he to be totally

ſilent,

ſilent, as if it had been a plot agreed on between both; while you, Mamma, every moment, unconſciouſly, was piercing my very heart! Can you, can you forgive me for having acted thus? No, load me with your reproaches; I well deſerve them all, and they will be leſs cutting, leſs painful, than thoſe with which I load myſelf."

Alas! the good Canoneſs, all emotion, all tenderneſs and tears at her recital, thought of nothing leſs than reproach. She had been dreaming all night on her projected marriage, on which the more ſhe thought, the more ſhe was enchanted; her ſole fear had been that Lindorf, ſo long an officer, ſo long in commerce with the gay world, might have formed other engagements; but the hiſtory of Caroline, and the manner in which ſhe had related it, had quieted all her

her fears; the Baroneſs ſaw, or imagined ſhe ſaw, that ſweet ſympathy of ſouls which re-eſtabliſhed all her hopes, and gave certainty to all her ſchemes: ſhe raiſed Caroline, tenderly kiſſed her, and declared ſhe never, in her life, had heard any thing ſo intereſting.

"Ah! if I had but known it!—To be ſure, I ſhould not have ſaid many things I did ſay; for theſe men are ſo ſelf-ſufficient, ſo ready to believe well of themſelves, and that we women are enamoured of them!—However, I muſt do Lindorf the juſtice to ſay he is very different from men in general; his modeſty, his politeneſs"———

"Ah! Mamma," ſaid Caroline, ſhaking her head and interrupting the Baroneſs, "I

have but too much cauſe to fear he is like the reſt. Has not he had the audacity to write to me this morning?"

"Write to thee, child! Quick, quick, quick! Show me the letter, read it, let me hear his ſtyle, his ſentiments; I can imagine all his ardour."

"Alas!" ſaid Caroline, taking the packet from her pocket, "here it is; it would not have been proper, Mamma, for me to have opened it. You will do with it what you pleaſe." And the pleaſure of the Baroneſs was, inſtantly, to break the ſeal; for her curioſity was ſtronger even than that of Caroline, which was much diminiſhed by fears of what might be the contents of the letter. The firſt thing they came to was a polite card, in the uſual ſtyle, in which the

Baron

Baron of Lindorf "presented respectful compliments to the ladies, inquired after their health, and, in particular, concerning the indisposition of Miss Lichtfield."

But all this was a mere pretext; and, certainly, needed not to have been so closely sealed up; wherefore, this laid by, a paper, folded up and placed under the card, was eagerly seized and opened. Caroline, trembling as she unfolded it, after slightly running it over to herself, read aloud as follows:

"I am about, Madam, to commit a new "impropriety, to aggravate former errors, "and, perhaps, increase anger, which I had "but too justly raised, by a new offence. "Now, while I write, I imagine your in-"dignation, feel the effects of your resent-

" ment, behold myſelf puniſhed for my " temerity, yet have not the power to for- " bear. If, Madam, you will but deign to " read this letter, and ſurmount that firſt " emotion which ſhould bid you tear or " ſend it back unopened, you then, at leaſt, " will underſtand my motives, and confeſs " that to you, alone, could I, with pro- " priety, addreſs myſelf.

" You know not all my offences. No, " Madam, you know them not; and yet " you treat me with as much ſeverity as if " you were acquainted with my whole guilt. " Since, then, I am not benefited by your " ignorance of it, I will make a free con- " feſſion; hoping that my ſincerity may " obtain a generous pardon.

" Four

" Four times did I, yeſterday, paſs your
" pavilion, each at a different hour, hoping
" to find you there and aſk permiſſion to
" pay my reſpects to you and the Baroneſs;
" but continually were my hopes deceived;
" you appeared no more in that pavilion ſo
" dear to you, and in which you had be-
" fore that time unceaſingly dwelt; while I,
" far from ſuſpecting the truth, far from
" accuſing you as the cauſe of this abſence,
" caſt the whole blame entirely on Madam
" the Baroneſs; ſhe, thought I, informed
" of my temerity, not knowing who the
" perſon was who had dared to obtrude
" into your aſylum, had forbidden you to
" go there any more. Vain and weak as I
" was, I even imagined you might obey
" with regret; I thought myſelf certain
" that, when I was known to Madam the
" Baroneſs, ſhe would no longer lay you

" under the like reſtraint, and, therefore,
" did not heſitate to come and pay her my
" reſpects in the afternoon. Alas! Madam,
" how ſeverely, and how juſtly, have you
" puniſhed my preſumption! Your recep-
" tion of me, ſo very different from hers,
" inſtantly informed me how much I had
" been deceived; and that it was you,
" alone, who thus had renounced the un-
" fortunate ſtranger. You did not permit
" me to entertain the leaſt doubt, the leaſt
" hope; the illuſion was wholly deſtroyed;
" I inſtantly ſaw that Madam the Baron-
" eſs, whom I had imagined ſo ſevere, was
" ignorant even of my exiſtence, and that
" the youthful, the beauteous Caroline,
" whom I had ſuppoſed obedient to her com-
" mands, to the counſels of, perhaps, a too
" rigid friend, had been ſubject only to her
" own prudence, uncommon and unex-
" pected

" pected as it was in a lady ſo young. I
" had been happy had this prudence only
" been extended to a ſtranger who might
" himſelf have been an improper perſon,
" or have had improper deſigns; but,
" though this doubt was removed, though
" I was named and known, I could not
" obtain ſo much as a look of pardon.
" Your determined ſilence, Madam, your
" refuſal to ſhew me the pavilion, your ap-
" parent anger at the invitation of the
" Baroneſs, all informed me that I, perſon-
" ally, had given irreparable offence.
" However, Madam, whatever my errors
" may have been, whatever I may endure,
" I will not again offend by viſiting at Rin-
" daw without your permiſſion; yet ſuffer
" me to ſupplicate this permiſſion, and be
" aſſured, Madam, I will endeavour here-
" after to deſerve it. You were a witneſs

" to the obliging manner in which Madam
" the Baroneſs was pleaſed to deſire I would
" frequently viſit at Rindaw. What anſwer
" am I to make to a requeſt ſo kind, and
" which I ſo earneſtly wiſh to profit by?
" You, Madam, muſt decide. On you my
" conduct muſt depend. Muſt I neglect
" the civilities of Madam the Baroneſs, and
" ſubmit to that ſentence of condemnation
" which you have ſilently pronounced; or
" may I dare entreat you to revoke it? I wait
" your commands, and ſolemnly vow, what-
" ever they be, to me they ſhall be ſacred.
" Yet, permit me, for a moment, to hope
" you will not be inexorable; and that he,
" whom your reſpectable friend has deigned
" to honour with her protection, may, being
" thus protected, obtain a pardon which is
" become abſolutely neceſſary to the future
" happineſs of his life."

While

While Caroline was reading this letter, which was dated from the chateau of Riſberg, ſhe felt a confuſed mixture of ſenſations ſo oppoſite to each other as to be almoſt indefinable. At firſt, utter aſtoniſhment at perceiving, without ever ſuſpecting, herſelf to be thus conſummately prudent; afterwards, that kind of ſhame which a ſincere mind feels at receiving praiſe it does not merit; and, next, joy of the moſt pure and perfect kind to learn that ſhe was ſtill eſteemed and reſpected. Yet, on reflection, ſhe was ſomewhat uneaſy concerning the poor young gentleman, the embarraſſment he was under, and the means of removing it, without deſtroying the high opinion he entertained of her.

Theſe different affections were alternately viſible in her countenance; pleaſing ſenſa-

tions, however, were predominant, and her heart felt eaſed of a moſt inſupportable burthen. When ſhe had finiſhed the letter ſhe could have preſſed it to her lips; but ſhe forbore, laid it on the pillow of the Canoneſs, ſeized one of her hands, and on that beſtowed her kiſſes and her tears. Again the Baroneſs took the letter, again deſired Caroline to read it, and again was in raptures.

"Did not I tell you this young gentleman did not reſemble other men? I ſaw it inſtantly. What a delicate turn has he given to your ſilence and embarraſſment, which he had underſtood to proceed from anger! Is it poſſible to be more modeſt, or more reſpectful? One of your court fops would have interpreted the whole of your behaviour to his own advantage, but

Lindorf!

Lindorf! Well, really he is a moſt charming youth, and we muſt inſtantly put him out of pain. Get the pen and ink, my dear, ſit down and write; come, come, make haſte."

"I! Mamma," ſaid Caroline, bluſhing. "I thought you would have been kind "enough to anſwer his letter."

"You know, my dear girl, it is with difficulty I can write, at preſent. (The Baroneſs had a diſorder in her eyes, the conſequence of her illneſs, and her ſight daily became worſe.) But no matter; you ſhall write in my name, and I will dictate." Caroline obeyed, and, having taken pen, ink, and paper, the Canoneſs, after conſidering a moment, thus began:

" Sir,

" Your letter came moſt ſeaſonably to " the relief and conſolation of Caroline; " ſhe had all night lain in the moſt deſpe- " rate affliction"——

" Really, Mamma," ſaid Caroline, ſtopping her, " I cannot write what you bid me; for, though I own it is partly true, it would abſolutely contradict all his preſent favourable thoughts concerning me."

After a ſhort conteſt, the Baroneſs owned Caroline was right; the paper was torn, another ſheet taken, the Baroneſs again began to think and to dictate.

" Sir,

" Miſs Lichtfield is moſt exceedingly " glad to find you entertain ſo high an " opinion

" opinion of her, her joy cannot be ex-
" preſſed"———

" Upon my word, Mamma," ſaid Caroline, throwing down the pen, " this is worſe than the other; let me beg you will neither ſpeak of my joys nor griefs."

The Baroneſs was now abſolutely vexed, and ſaid ſhe would have nothing at all to do with her anſwer; and that ſhe might write it herſelf. Caroline began to think this the wiſeſt way, and after conſidering in her turn, and, in her turn, tearing two or three ſheets of paper, ſhe had the good ſenſe, at laſt, to recollect that the ſimpleſt and moſt unaffected mode is always the beſt; ſhe therefore wrote,

" We thank you, Sir, for the concern
" you are kind enough to take in the health

" of your neighbours; my indiſpoſition is " gone off. Madam the Baroneſs is de- " prived, by the diſorder in her eyes, of the " pleaſure of anſwering your letter, the " contents of which I have juſt communi- " cated to her; ſhe has therefore deſired " me to write in her name, and to inform " you, Sir, that your viſits will always be " well received at Rindaw; the Baron of " Lindorf, when known, never can doubt " of a proper reception.

C. L."

The Canoneſs thought the ſtyle of this exceedingly common and trivial; there were a thouſand things to ſay, a thouſand ſenſations to communicate, according to her; but Caroline was firm, and would not change a word, and, at laſt, by careſſes and coaxing, prevailed on the Baroneſs to let the letter be ſent.

As to the epiſtle of Lindorf, we have been aſſured, from the beſt authority, that it was read and re-read at leaſt a hundred times that day; and that, before the evening there was a perſon in the world who could have repeated it by heart. It is likewiſe affirmed that theſe repeated readings had diſſipated every remaining trace of the over-night's chagrin. Yes, Caroline, by being thus frequently told of her uncommon prudence, at laſt believed it real; ſtill, however, owning that ſhe never could have imagined her abſence from the pavilion, and her ſecreſy with her friend, could have been productive of ſuch excellent effects. It was very certain, nevertheleſs, that the thought was her own; wherefore, gaining her own ſelf-eſteem by degrees, no longer having any reaſon to bluſh for her myſterious conduct towards the Baroneſs, and being

being assured of the respect of Lindorf, Caroline lost both her sorrows and her fears.

Nobody will doubt but that Lindorf was very careful to avail himself of the permission granted, and to pay his respects in the evening. Caroline had foreseen this, expected him with somewhat of impatience, saw him arrive with joy, and not without emotion. He himself was rather disconcerted, but a gentle smile from Caroline presently restored him all his former ease; they both became perfectly unconstrained, to which the Baroness did not a little contribute; she, with pleasantry which she highly enjoyed, ran over every incident of the stranger, the secret, and the letter; and thus saved Caroline explanations which she was most happy to avoid.

Lindorf

Lindorf was cautious and penetrating: he read the feelings of Caroline: they went together to the pavilion, and he said not a word that had the slightest reference to what had passed, except that he entreated Caroline to sing the song on Eugenia. She consented, and Lindorf accompanied her on the piano forte; but, though he was an excellent musician, he was often out of time; and Caroline herself made several mistakes. Notwithstanding this, the song pleased him so much that he asked permission to take and copy it; which granted, Lindorf, on receiving it, had the courage to kiss the hand by which it was presented, and to pronounce, in a half whisper, "How good, Madam, are you to-day, and how different are my present feelings from those of yesterday!" The ingenuous Caroline was on the point of declaring that she herself was much easier

eaſier and happier, but ſhe juſt had the recollection to refrain. They returned to the Canoneſs, and Lindorf, ſhortening his viſit, begged permiſſion to repeat it on the morrow.

The morrow and the morrow, and every ſucceeding morrow, each reſembled the other; and this was the hiſtory of their lives. Again Caroline inhabited her pavilion, in the morning; and again Lindorf took his uſual ride. The horſe, formerly ſo unmanageable, was become quite docile; ſo that he would ſometimes ſtand quiet, for half an hour, under the window of Caroline, with which he began to be acquainted, and which, when he came to, he inſtinctively would ſtop at. Every afternoon Lindorf came betimes to Rindaw, where he often remained to ſup; and, every night, after he

was

was gone, the Canoneſs, more and more tranſported with his conduct, ſpoke of him with enthuſiaſm. Caroline liſtened, and modeſtly approved, and each went nightly to bed declaring he was the moſt amiable of men: nay, Caroline, it is ſaid, would ſometimes repeat it in her ſleep; and as for the Baroneſs, her nocturnal dreams were all concerning the marriage ſhe had imagined, and which ſhe thought nothing could fruſtrate.

Well but Lindorf!—Why Lindorf had his dreams likewiſe; for he loved with an ardour which he ſought not to oppoſe, and with a ſincerity that gave dignity to affection, which every day grew ſtronger. Born with great ſenſibility and ſtrong paſſions, he had not lived till five and twenty without a knowledge of love, or, at leaſt, without a

ſuppoſed

ſuppoſed knowledge. But how different were his former tumultuous ſenſations to thoſe he at preſent felt! His thoughts all tender, delicate, and pure, had no other object but Caroline: happy in her ſight, happy to hear the ſweet ſound of her voice, infinitely happy in her preſence and that ſweet familiarity which country retirement authorizes, he could not imagine ſuperior bliſs; and if, when alone, which walking, muſic, and the infirmities of the Baroneſs occaſioned them often to be, he ſometimes were like to betray himſelf, and riſk an avowal of his ſentiments, timidity, reſpect, and dread of deſtroying that ſhare of felicity of which he was in preſent poſſeſſion, always made him ſilent. Such ever are the effects of true and ſincere love. Caroline too confided all her thoughts to him with ſuch innocence, ſuch ſecurity, he was ſo perfectly convinced

convinced that she no way suspected either what passed in his heart or her own, that Lindorf, whose delicacy equalled his affection, would likewise have thought it a crime to disturb that happy ignorance before the moment in which he himself should be at his own disposal, which he could not then be perfectly said to be.

Beside, what could he gain by the confession? A knowledge that his love was returned. And could he doubt of that? Certainly not; for, though the penetration of man equals not that of woman in this respect, Caroline was so frank, and so little understood the art of dissembling, of concealing her feelings, that it was impossible for him to doubt. She alone was ignorant of them. She supposed her love for Lindorf was the love of a sister, and her

affection

affection the affection of friendſhip; ſhe even applauded herſelf for daily finding freſh occaſion to love him more, nor had the ſlighteſt idea that an attachment ſo pure, as ſhe felt hers to be, could, in the leaſt, become injurious to engagements which ſhe held ſacred, but of which ſhe ſeldom thought. How, indeed, could ſhe? Was there time to think on any thing but Lindorf, when Lindorf was preſent? And he was ever preſent, either ideally or really; for, the moment he was gone, either the pleaſure of having ſeen him, impatience to ſee him again, or his image in every attitude, under every aſpect in which it had ſo lately been beheld, occupied her whole thoughts. Lindorf to Caroline was every thing, and, the Baroneſs excepted, ſhe knew not of, thought not of, any other being in the univerſe.

This

This imprudent Baroneſs ſtill added, by her enthuſiaſm, to the faſcination of Caroline. From infancy accuſtomed to think as ſhe thought, and to ſee as ſhe ſaw, her authority would have been fully ſufficient to fix the attachment of Caroline on a perſon for whom the Canoneſs had a predilection ſo abſolute, and ſo continually augmenting. Often did the Baroneſs, when ſhe could find opportunity by being left for a moment with Lindorf, ſuffer her ſecret half to eſcape; clearly enough did ſhe give him to underſtand that it depended on him, only, to obtain the hand of Caroline; and that ſhe already looked upon him as her ſon.

Thus the happy Lindorf, encouraged by one, adored by the other, and, perhaps, in more full and delicious enjoyment of happineſs than if he had been a declared lover,

thought

thought himself certain of prevailing the moment he should speak; and for which moment he waited a little impatiently. Engagements he had, by which he had been restrained; and from these it was necessary to be free before he could honestly avow his passion for Caroline, and make an offer of his hand and heart. He had been very busily employed in removing these obstacles; and, for some time past, his agitation and short symptoms of melancholy betrayed something of his inquietude and fears.

One evening, as he left Rindaw, he informed the ladies he was fearful lest he could not have the pleasure of seeing them on the morrow; he was obliged to go, himself, immediately to Berlin, where he expected to find letters that were to him of the utmost importance.

importance.—"But," added he, with a tone more than usually animated, "I hope, in compensation for a day thus lost to life, I shall be permitted to return early the morning after."

The Canoness immediately invited him to breakfast, and Caroline accompanied him to the garden, where they took leave of each other as if it were a long farewell, and separated, impatiently wishing the morrow over. The next day, which for two months had been the only one passed without Lindorf, appeared exceedingly tedious to both the ladies. The good Baroness loved Lindorf so entirely that, had not her friendship for Caroline intervened, which we must do her the justice to acknowledge was always predominant, he might, in all probability, if so he had pleased, have even banished

the

the High Chamberlain from her bosom. She acknowledged that Lindorf continually brought him to her recollection, and made her remember the happy days of their former loves. "Yes," said the Baroness, "the High Chamberlain was just so fine, so sweet a youth."

"My father, then, is surprisingly altered," said Caroline.

"Ah! yes, my dear," replied the Baroness, "whatever he may be at present, he was then a most charming man—If thy mother had not been so rich—But, alas! my dear High Chamberlain was ever ambitious."

"And is still," mournfully thought Caroline; "he is not altered in that respect; his

his poor child is the victim of that unrelenting ambition, to which every other feeling has been sacrificed."

This conversation, this gloomy retrospect, naturally led her to think of the Count, and of her union with him. The absence of Lindorf, and the certainty of not seeing him all the long long day, had disposed her mind to languor and melancholy: in the evening she walked in the garden, where these sensations and gloomy ideas accompanied her; the image of the Count, particularly, tormented her; in spite of every effort to remove it from her imagination, and to think on something else, it continually recurred, and with increasing pain and disgust. A dry and yellow leaf fell from one of the trees at her feet, and approaching autumn immediately rose to memory; her heart

ſhrunk at the thought, and an oppreſſive weight, almoſt to ſuffocation, came over her; tears at length began to flow.

"And is the ſummer, this happy ſummer, already paſſed? It has endured but a moment, and it will return no more: with it eaſe and content are fled from Caroline. Autumn approaches, it is here, and my father is coming to tear me from theſe beloved haunts, to ſeparate me from my good Mamma; and, if the Count my huſband pleaſes——My huſband!——My huſband!——O Lindorf! friend, brother, every thing that eſteem holds moſt dear, muſt I never ſee thee more!—Alas! poor Caroline, wherefore haſt thou known him if thou muſt ſo ſoon be ſeparate from him!"

This was the firſt time ſhe had ever made the reflection, and it was ſo cutting, ſo dreadful,

dreadful, and affected her so much, that it absorbed every other afflicting thought.

Intent on this idea, and absent to every other, she walked till she came to the door of the pavilion that led to the road. It was open: opposite was a wood. Caroline was alone: the thick foliage was adapted to the present temper of her mind; it was dark and gloomy and almost shut out day. During the summer she had often wished to walk in this wood, but with Lindorf it would have been improper; the recollection of this wish slightly returned; there was no present restraint, and she crossed the road. As she entered the wood she felt herself highly affected by objects which were new to Caroline. It was a glorious evening; the rays of the setting sun with gold and purple beamed over the horizon through an

immenſe ſpace of clouds, which ſeemed almoſt on fire, and the red and ardent colours of which were ſeen through the branches of oaks whoſe antiquity appeared almoſt coeval with Nature. The evening ſong of the birds was loud, melodious, and univerſal; to which the monotonous chirping of the ſwarming graſs-hopper gave variety.

If it be impoſſible for a feeling mind ever to enter a foreſt with indifference, what emotion muſt the young heart of Caroline, and in its preſent diſpoſition, receive from objects ſo vaſt and ſo magnificent! She took the firſt path ſhe ſaw, and which apparently led through the wood; ſhe followed it, for a conſiderable time, without thinking or perceiving how far ſhe had ſtrayed; at length, ſome noiſe ſuddenly drew her from the profound revery in which ſhe was plunged;

plunged; ſhe looked up and ſaw before her, at no great diſtance, a grand and elegant chateau; ſhe had not much time for reflection; there was an avenue that led to that chateau, and in that avenue was—Lindorf.

The lover inſtantly leaped the wall that ſeparated them, for he had ſeen Caroline; and already he is by her ſide, already he is teſtifying, more by looks than words, his aſtoniſhment and joy at finding her almoſt at his own habitation. Caroline confuſed, amazed, bluſhed even to the finger ends, and durſt not look on Lindorf, but, ſtammering, ſaid ſhe had loſt herſelf!—She was abſolutely ignorant of—She had ſuppoſed Riſberg lay another way!

Lindorf ſaw, by her manner, ſhe had ſuppoſed ſo, and, far from preſſing her to ſtay,

far from desiring her to walk into his gardens and repose herself, he had the delicacy to offer to re-conduct her to Rindaw immediately. The offer was instantly accepted, and Lindorf, to vary the walk of Caroline, took another path, still, as he said, more agreeable, still more pleasant.

Lindorf, undoubtedly, by the pleasantest understood the longest, and the distance was doubled. Caroline could not but remark it, and was so fatigued at last as to be obliged to accept an arm she had at first refused.

"This way must be greatly round about, Sir?"

"It is; I ask pardon, but I was willing you should know what I do every day."

"How

"How do you mean, Sir?"

"When I go to Rindaw, I take the ſhorteſt way, through the wood; but when I return home I go this, which is the moſt round about."

Caroline bluſhed, and made no reply.

Whether it was a continuation of the reflections of the day, or whether it was her embarraſſment at finding herſelf at Riſberg, the preſence of Lindorf had failed of its uſual effect; far from diſſipating, it but increaſed her preſent dejection of ſpirits; tears ſtood brimful in her eyes, and ſhe felt that if ſhe had but ſpoken a ſingle word they muſt have overflowed.

Lindorf, on the contrary, had, when they firſt met, ſeemed more than uſually

pleaſed and contented; joy unmixed enlivened his countenance, and gave animation to every feature and every expreſſion. He had ſpoken with rapture of the beauties of the country, and the delight of living there with the perſon on earth the moſt beloved. Caroline ſcarcely could give the ſhorteſt anſwers, ſuch oppreſſion was there at her heart; Lindorf could not help remarking the change; he was ſilent, and obſerved her with eyes alternately expreſſive of tenderneſs, hope, and fear. He appeared as if he had ſomething to ſay which he durſt not utter. The moon roſe, and her ſoft clear beams, glimmering on their ſilent path, ſtill increaſed their mutual emotion.

At laſt, Caroline, having recovered herſelf ſufficiently to pronounce a few words, aſked Lindorf if he had received the letters he had ſo impatiently expected.

" The

"The letters! The letters!" repeated Lindorf, with paſſion in his words and looks, "O, yes! I have received them!—You know not, dear Caroline, cannot imagine, how eſſentially theſe letters may influence my future happineſs!—To-morrow morning I will come, will communicate their contents.—Yes, charming Caroline, gentleſt and deareſt friend of my heart, to-morrow you ſhall read that heart which burns with impatience to expand, to unburthen itſelf, and pour its moſt ſecret thoughts into your boſom—Every thing I think, every thing I feel, all I have thought, and all I have felt, to-morrow you ſhall know; and my deſtiny ſhall be eternally decided!"

Theſe words, and particularly the tone and manner in which they were uttered, rouſed and terrified Caroline: they tore off

the veil which had already been half raiſed. Without the power of replying a ſingle word, ſhe ſtill had the force to diſengage her arm, which Lindorf preſſed with ardour, and, looking up, found herſelf preciſely oppoſite the garden door, which ſhe precipitately entered; ſaying, with words that almoſt choaked her as they obtained paſſage, "Farewell, Lindorf!—To-morrow——I will, alſo——tell you ſomething——You ſhall hear"——

She could contain no longer; her head fell on her boſom; her tears, too long withheld, ſtreamed down her cheeks; a univerſal tremor ſeized her, and ſhe was obliged to ſit down on a graſs bank.

And Lindorf?—Why Lindorf follows. Lindorf is at her feet. Lindorf is preſſing with

with tranſport her lily hands, and ſtooping to kiſs them, while Caroline is unable to reſiſt; he dares even claſp her in his arms; and the languid head of Caroline, reclining, droops upon his ſhoulder.

"My deareſt, my beſt beloved," ſaid Lindorf; "Oh! ſuffer me to aſſuage, to dry thoſe precious tears, pledges of my approaching happineſs.——Adored lady! Oh calm thyſelf, fear not; 'tis thy friend, thy lover, thy future huſband who thus conjures thee."

This word, this dreadful word, recalled Caroline to animation and herſelf. She roſe, terrified, broke from Lindorf, would have ſpoke, but could not articulate a word, and, ſhuddering at her preſent danger, felt that flight alone could retrieve,

could save her. Lindorf remained, for a moment, half amazed at the terror of Caroline, and doubting to what motives it ought to be attributed; while she escaped, ran to her chamber, threw herself into the first chair she found, and was so affected, for some time, that she lost all coherency of thought.

She remained not long in this state; and that which succeeded was much more dreadful. Happily for her, the Baroness had gone to bed before supper, as she sometimes did, and was in a sound sleep: her appearance, therefore, was dispensed with; and, that she might with freedom yield to her present feelings without a witness, she, likewise, determined to go to bed and dismiss her maid.

As

As ſoon as ſhe was ſufficiently collected to reflect, not with apathy but ſomething more calmly, on her preſent ſituation, ſhe felt the abſolute neceſſity of informing Lindorf ſhe was no longer free, and of determining never to ſee him more. The ſentence was indeed moſt ſevere. Virtue pronounced it; but the heart of Virtue herſelf muſt bleed while it was pronounced. Caroline no longer could, in the leaſt, deceive herſelf reſpecting the nature of her feelings. Love ſtood confeſſed, arrayed in all his tyranny; his arm was pitileſs and his power unbounded. Sorrow ſharpened his arrows, and Deſpair ſhot them; yet Deſpair itſelf only confirmed Caroline in her reſolution; Diſhonour threatened her, and ſhe did not heſitate a moment.

But how was she to inform him?—How speak the dreadful tidings?—The scene of the evening was too recent and too painful to risk renewing, and she felt it impossible to be herself the narrator. A letter was the only means, and she was all night mentally occupied in writing it; but a letter, on such an occasion, and with sensations like hers, was not easily written; each word, each phrase, appeared either too cold or too passionate. At length, when she had imagined nearly the manner and the turn she should give it, she was impatient for day-break, that she might rise and write. Every minute did she open her curtains, hoping to discover the first rays of morning, and no sooner had she discovered them than she left her bed, put on a morning gown, and prepared to begin this most painful task.

We

We have already seen that every thing Caroline most delighted in had found the way to the pavilion; and so had her ink-stand, and writing-desk, along with the rest. There was nothing in her chamber where-with she might trace a single line; patience, therefore, was her last resource, and waiting till the servants were up and should open the doors. But, as none of these had a lover to dismiss, they slept a full hour longer. This hour Caroline passed at her window, and it depended wholly on her to have enjoyed the most sublime of sights, and, no doubt, for the first time in her life. The retiring of darkness, the gradual increase of light, and the sun rising in all his splendour and animating great Nature, made no impression on the wretched heart of Caroline. Lindorf, whom she was for ever to forbid her presence, whom she was to render miserable;

Lindorf,

Lindorf, whoſe love ſhe had been ignorant of, and ignorant alſo how dear he was to her till the very moment when they muſt ſeparate for ever; Lindorf obſcured every object, ſhe thought of him only, him only ſhe ſaw. The bright colours of the morning, the ſun's rays, and the revival of Nature, were to her all dark and inanimate.

No ſooner could ſhe go out but ſhe ran to the pavilion. It was neceſſary that Lindorf ſhould receive her letter before his arrival at Rindaw; and Caroline had no doubt but he would be there as ſoon as poſſible.—Mournfully, then, ſhe took her way towards the pavilion; but what were her thoughts, what her emotion, when, as ſhe entered, ſhe ſaw, or thought ſhe ſaw, Lindorf himſelf, ſeated at the far end, pale, dejected, his hair all in diſorder, leaning on his elbow,

and

and apparently plunged in the moſt profound revery!

We ſay thought ſhe ſaw, becauſe, for the moment, ſhe ſuppoſed it to be an illuſion of a mind that had lately been moſt liable to illuſion, and of an imagination that beheld no other object. She looked and ſhrieked, but ſhe could not any longer doubt it was Lindorf himſelf when, as ſhe ſhrieked, he roſe, flew to catch her, fell at her feet, and uttered, with an impetuoſity it was not in her power to ſtop, "Oh! pardon, pardon, Caroline, pardon one who adores you! Think not I have forfeited my word. Yeſterday, when I left you, I went home, but, think not I paſſed the night in ſleep; no, at day-break I roſe; hither my wiſhes bore me; the door was open; in ſhort, I ſcarcely know how I came in this place, but this

place

place never will I leave, Caroline, no never, by every ſacred power I ſwear, never, till thou haſt told me what my deſtiny is to be; or, at leaſt, Caroline, till thou haſt ſuffered thy happy lover to interpret thy ſilence and emotion in his own favour. A ſmile will ſuffice. Certain of thy conſent and the conſent of our dear friend the Baroneſs, I will fly to obtain that of thy father.—— To-morrow, yes, perhaps, to-morrow, thou mayeſt confeſs, without bluſhing, thou loveſt!"

This, no doubt, was the moment to have ſpoken. A word would have been enough, would have inſtantly deſtroyed the lover's deareſt, ſweeteſt hopes; but, oh! how painful was it to pronounce a word like this! It ſtopped ſhort as it roſe to the lips; Caroline wiſhed but could not utter it. Lindorf,

prepoſſeſſed

prepoſſeſſed by former appearances, interpreted this ſilence in his own favour; it was attributed to modeſty, embarraſſment, timidity; and, wiſhing to oblige her to ſpeak, he precipitately roſe, ran and ſnatched his hat as it lay on the piano forte.

"Dear Caroline," ſaid he, as he ſeized it, "I would not loſe a moment when happineſs ſo ſupreme is in queſtion! I will no longer demand a confeſſion which I ſee diſtreſſes you ſo much to make; I will fly, inſtantly, to Berlin, and as inſtantly return; I hope, with a better claim to requeſt this confeſſion."

Longer delay was now impoſſible. Caroline, terrified, collecting all her force, ſtopped and held Lindorf. "What are you going to do?" ſaid ſhe. "Alas! you know not—But learn"——

Lindorf

Lindorf himself now partook of the terror of Caroline. "Learn what?" said he.

"A secret."

"What secret! Speak, Caroline, release me from this dread."

"I—I—I am"——

"You are"——

"Married."

The bolt of thunder could not have struck more effectually—"Married!" repeated he, with the accent, or rather with the shriek, of terror.——The most profound silence followed.—Caroline, trembling, sat down, and hid her face with her handkerchief. Lindorf remained petrified; at last, starting wild, and striding about the room, he repeated again, "Married!"

Silence

Silence again enſued.——And again, ſtriking his forehead, "No, it is impoſſible, abſolutely impoſſible; you deceive me, Caroline, you impoſe upon a wretch whom you have driven mad. Ah! ceaſe, ceaſe a ſport ſo cruel. Say, tell me, you are not married."

"It is but too true that I am," replied Caroline, almoſt fainting.

"But the Canoneſs?"——

"She is ignorant of my marriage. I told you it as a ſecret."

"Oh! Caroline, Caroline,—Fatal ſecret! And I a confirmed and everlaſting wretch!"

For ſome minutes he was in an agony that approached the wildeſt phrenzy; he ſat down, roſe, tore his hair, groaned, gnaſhed his

his teeth; every action denoted the fury and tempeſt within.

"Be calm, Lindorf, dear Lindorf, be calm! In the name of Heaven be calm! Do not thus give way to paſſion! Am not I, alſo, ſtill more unhappy?"

"You! You unhappy! Caroline."

Affection and tenderneſs roſe at the ſuppoſition, and tears—ay, bitter tears ſcalded the manly cheek, and gave a little eaſe to the heart.—"Caroline," ſaid he, in a ſofter tone, "explain this ſecret, the diſcovery of which is thus fatal. Who is this unknown, this inconceivable huſband; who thus can leave, thus neglect, the ſupremity of mortal bliſs?"

Caroline,

Caroline, who ſcarce could ſpeak, ſomewhat, however, conſoled, to ſee Lindorf more tranquil, gave a ſuccinct relation of her marriage with a nobleman whom ſhe did not name. She reſpected the ſecret of Walſtein, and gave not any indications by which he might be known. She only ſaid that invincible repugnance for a match to which ſhe had ſubmitted, in obedience to her father, had occaſioned her to intreat a ſeparation, at leaſt for ſome time, which had been granted her, under condition of keeping it ſecret. "Perhaps," ſaid ſhe, "I forfeit one of my duties now by revealing it; but I truſt I ſhall carefully fulfil every other, whatever pangs it may coſt my heart. Farewell, Lindorf, we muſt ſee each other no more. Fly this fatal place, and, if poſſible, forget the unfortunate Caroline."

"Fly! forget you!" replied Lindorf, whoſe countenance was ſomewhat changed by a ray of hope during the ſhort recital of Caroline.—"No, never, never!—I ſtill ſee a poſſibility, I ſtill dare hope for happineſs!"

"Lindorf!——Be careful what you ſay; grief certainly has diſturbed your reaſon!"

"No, if thou wilt deign but to conſent, bliſs may ſtill be mine—My deareſt Caroline, hear me—I know thy heart pleads in my behalf, in vain wouldeſt thou forbid it; to me it appertains, by the ardour, the purity of affection have I deſerved it, and my rights are far more ſacred than thoſe of a tyrannical huſband, who thus has abuſed paternal authority; grant me but thy permiſſion and theſe hated bands ſhall be broken; yes, they ſhall; I dare affirm they ſhall. The King

is

is juſt, he loves me, will liſten to me. Beſide, I have a certain reſource, a friend, a ſupport that cannot fail."

"Unhappy Lindorf!" interrupted Caroline; "yield not to theſe chimeras. The King himſelf has forged the chains which no power can break; for who is there whoſe intereſt may, for a moment, outweigh that of the Count of Walſtein?"

Again Lindorf ſtood the ſtatue of amazement and dread! Again, the moment he could reſpire, he echoed—"Caroline!—The Count of Walſtein!"

"The name has eſcaped my lips," ſaid Caroline, "and my only dependance is on your diſcretion. Judge, then, what your hopes muſt be, ſince it is he, Lindorf; yes,

it is the Count of Walſtein who is——my huſband!"

Lindorf remained with his eyes fixed on the earth, his arms croſſed, his faculties wholly abſorbed, and in thought ſo deep as to ſeem almoſt lifeleſs; long he remained; but recovering, at length, from apparent ſtupor, "Caroline," ſaid he, fetching a deep and almoſt endleſs ſigh, and without looking at her, "I muſt leave you, Caroline, but I will return to-morrow morning; it is eſſentially neceſſary that I ſhould ſpeak to you once more. To-morrow, here, in this ſame place, at this ſame hour, tell me, will you meet me?"

"Yes," anſwered Caroline, ſcarcely knowing what ſhe ſaid.

"To-morrow,

"To-morrow, then," continued Lindorf, making a ſtep to approach Caroline, but inſtantly recoiling and ſeizing his hat—"To-morrow"——He could ſay no more, but ſuddenly fled.

Imagine what the condition, what the feelings were of Caroline, and what the crowded and confuſed ideas that aſſailed her heart. The firſt, however, was the promiſe that ſhe ſhould ſee him once more. What could he have to ſay which he might not then have ſaid? Wherefore, ſo earneſtly, and with ſuch ſolemnity, intreat an interview to-morrow? She almoſt repented of the conſent ſhe had given; and, yet, could ſhe have refuſed? Beſide, it was poſſible he had not abandoned the hope of obtaining a divorce, for he did not ſay he had; it therefore was neceſſary to meet him again, that

she might dissuade him from all useless efforts, which could only end in discovering their affection, and in rendering the miserable Caroline still more miserable.

The reflection determined her to be punctual to the appointed time, and at the appointed place. She afterwards began to think how difficult it would be longer to conceal the truth from the Canoness. What would the absence of Lindorf lead her to suppose? Caroline felt too how great the consolation would be of giving her sorrows vent, and shedding her tears in the bosom of a friend so tender and so indulgent. Yet the promise they had required of her had been so strong, so positive, and the menaced punishment was so terrible, that, without permission, she durst not speak. Her having betrayed it to Lindorf was enough, nay, too much;

much; and nothing but the motives on which she had acted could justify her to herself. Yet the more she reflected, the more she saw the necessity of informing the Baroness; she therefore determined, be the consequence what it might, to write to her father, and beg permission to inform her. "It was no "longer possible," she said, "to dissemble "with her dear Mamma, or to conceal her "marriage. The ignorance of the Baron- "ess, concerning that event, exposed her "to most painful conversations, and which "were continually repeated. Every mo- "ment ready to betray herself, she most "humbly supplicated permission to confess "a secret which lay too heavy on her heart, "and which was an offence to the gratitude "and the friendship she owed the Baroness. "And what was there to fear? The ill "health of the Baroness, her love of re-

" tirement, her abſence from all ſociety,
" made diſcretion certain; for to whom
" could ſhe ſpeak, ſince nobody ſhe ſaw?
" Beſide," added Caroline, willing to prevent the viſit and the perſecution ſhe dreaded, " determined as I am not to leave
" her, ſo long as ſhe lives, is it not a ſhocking thing to be forbidden to ſpeak truth,
" and to open my heart to the dear friend
" who has been to me a mother?—Believe
" me, dear, dear Sir," continued ſhe, " to
" afflict you will doubly afflict myſelf; or
" to deprive you of a child, who, if ſo you
" had pleaſed, never would have forſaken
" you, but to you would have conſecrated
" her life, in proof of her affection; but
" you, Sir, thought proper otherwiſe to ordain: permit me, dear Sir, in my turn,
" to enjoy that liberty which my Huſband
" and King have granted, which was that

" *I might*

" *I might remain at Rindaw as long as I* " *pleaſed*; for ſuch was the ſentence, which " I ſhall never forget. My reſolution, Sir, " is to remain here ſo long as my only friend " ſhall live, to whom my cares and atten- " tions may be uſeful, and ſo long as my " heart and my reaſon ſhall revolt at the " ties I have formed."

Such was the ſubſtance of the letter, which after having copied and ſent, Caroline found herſelf ſomewhat relieved; her ſecret became leſs burthenſome by the hope of being permitted to reveal it; and the idea of not beholding the Count, for years to come, ſomewhat conſoled her for the dreadful one of never beholding Lindorf more. It was, indeed, too much to feel the double torment of renouncing the man ſhe loved, and living with the man ſhe hated; per-

ſuaded that her fortitude would rid her of the latter misfortune, ſhe felt recovering ſtrength to ſupport the former.

"I ſhall ſee him no more," ſaid ſhe; "but, though I ſee not him, I ſhall be troubled with the ſight of no one elſe; and of him I may think unceaſingly, here, in theſe groves, in this pavilion, which his preſence has rendered ſo dear to memory."

Thus fortified, Caroline was able to ſupport the converſation of the Canoneſs and her queſtions, afflicting as they were; for ſhe every moment was inquiring if Caroline did not imagine Lindorf would come to-day, every moment was repeating her aſtoniſhment that he had not been punctual to his promiſe. The diſorder in her eyes, which ſtill increaſed, prevented her from ſeeing the effects

effects of her inquiries on the countenance of Caroline, whose cheeks were flush and pale and continually varying, affected by a continued variety of distress, but this the Baroness saw not; she spoke of nothing but the dear youth, was fearful lest some misfortune had happened to him, and, in the evening, determined to send the next day to make inquiries.

At length she retired to her chamber, as did Caroline gladly to hers, in which she passed the night as she had done the night before. At the appointed hour she was at the pavilion; but Lindorf was not come. She waited half an hour, which seemed half an age, and yet he came not. She opened the window, went out on the road, went to the entrance of the wood, and looked every way as far as look she could; at length, she be-

held him coming. She juſt had ſtrength enough to gain the pavilion, where ſhe ſat herſelf down, unable to riſe when he entered, and could only return his ſalutation by a ſlight inclination of the head.

Lindorf obſerved her exceſſive paleneſs and dejection: he advanced, tremblingly, and without ſpeaking a ſingle word. When he was near her, he kneeled on one knee and preſented her a packet, ſealed up, and a box containing a miniature picture. He bowed and, riſing, recovered ſufficient ſtrength to ſay, in a low and half ſuffocated voice, "Accept theſe from a friend.—— Farewell! Caroline, farewell! may you be happy!" Then, reſpectfully, though not without paſſion, twice kiſſing her hand, he roſe, put his handkerchief to his eyes, and left the pavilion.

Had

Had not the packet and the box remained, Caroline would have imagined she had seen an apparition; so suddenly and so strangely had he disappeared. With wild stupor her looks followed Lindorf, and no sooner was he gone than, her arms instinctively extending themselves towards the door, Caroline exclaimed, "Oh Lindorf! Lindorf!"

Lindorf heard her not, Lindorf saw her not, Lindorf, alas! was no longer there. She rose precipitately, let the packet and the box fall from her lap, on which they had been placed, and ran to the window, where she saw Lindorf as if flying from an enemy, or struck with panic fear. He was presently out of sight, and the tears of Caroline began abundantly to stream down her cheeks. It was well they did, for, in all probability,

they prevented fainting, and, perhaps, worſe conſequences.

"It is paſt," ſaid ſhe, "I ſhall ſee him no more. To me he is for ever loſt."

Her ſobs interrupted ſpeech, and almoſt reſpiration; and again her tears began to courſe each other with greater violence. At length ſhe remembered the packet and the box, which Lindorf had left, and which were lying at her feet. In theſe, no doubt, ſhe would find ſomething that might explain this ſingular and myſterious farewell: ſhe took the box up firſt. It is his image, the portrait of Lindorf, thought ſhe, as ſhe was endeavouring to open it. "And thinkeſt thou I have need of ſuch aid to recollect thee, Lindorf?"

Yet

Yet was it a consolation to possess his picture, the value of which she fully felt, and the recollection made her open the box with eagerness.—How great was her surprise!—It was the uniform of Lindorf, it was a Captain of the Guards, it was a most handsome man, but it was not her lover; a person entirely different from Lindorf and to her entirely unknown. She instantly shut the box again, threw it with anger on the table, and took up the packet.

"Let us see," said she, "if this incomprehensible man has explained what this may mean. Whose is this portrait? Wherefore leave, why give it me!" The seals of the packet were presently broken, and in it she found a manuscript in the hand-writing of Lindorf. Caroline was so much affected that she began to read without at all comprehending

prehending what she read; at length, however, her scattered thoughts were somewhat collected, and, seating herself at the window, she took up the manuscript, and again began to read.

The MANUSCRIPT *of* LINDORF.

Dated at the chateau of Risberg, the evening after he had quitted Caroline; and at the conclusion was written,

Finished this morning at nine o'clock.

"GENERAL WALSTEIN, father of the "Ambassador, having travelled to England, "in his youth, he there saw Lady Matilda "Seymour, whom he loved, whose hand

" he aſked in marriage and obtained, and
" whom he brought to Pruſſia, where he
" made her the happieſt of women. Two
" children were the ſole fruits of this
" union; the firſt a ſon, the preſent Count,
" and the only remaining male of the fami-
" ly, which, if he dies childleſs, will, with
" him, become extinct. This ſon was,
" therefore, the greateſt bleſſing Heaven
" could beſtow on his parents. Twelve
" years after he was born they had a daugh-
" ter, whoſe tardy and unexpected birth
" was the death of her mother. The event
" threw the General into the deepeſt me-
" lancholy; he had adored his lady and
" remained faithful to her memory; for,
" though ſtill young, he vowed never again
" to marry, but to conſecrate the remainder
" of his days to the ſervice of his country
" and the education of his children.

" The

" The daughter, to whom the name of " Matilda had been given, was committed " to the care of the General's ſiſters, one of " whom had married the Baron of Zaſtrow, " a Saxon gentleman, but living then at " Berlin; ſo that the child was ſtill under " her father's eye. His ſon, conducted " through the paths of honour and virtue " by himſelf, gave ſigns, in earlieſt infancy, " of what he ſhould one day become, and " inſpired his tender father with the ſweet " and certain hope of hereafter fully re- " compenſing all his cares.

" But, alas! this happy father lived not " to the full enjoyment of a pleaſure ſo " ſupreme. War broke out between Au- " ſtria and Pruſſia. The General com- " manded a part of the victorious Pruſ- " ſians, and the King had already diſtin-

" guiſhed

" guiſhed him as one of his greateſt Gene-
" rals, when he had the happineſs to prove
" his unbounded attachment and zeal, to
" his Majeſty, by ſacrificing his own life,
" at the battle of Molviez, and ſaving that
" of his Sovereign. The King, depending
" wholly on his courage and neglecting his
" ſafety, was in the utmoſt danger; purſued
" by ſeveral Auſtrian Huſſars, his horſe had
" been wounded and could not fly, and
" himſelf ran the riſk of either being taken
" or killed. General Walſtein was the ſole
" perſon who ſaw the danger, attended by his
" ſon, then in his ſixteenth year, and making
" his campaign, in the company of his father,
" as a ſimple volunteer. The General in-
" tercepted the huſſars; the young Count
" flew to the King with his horſe, while his
" father wounded, or put to flight, the pur-
" ſuers, and himſelf received the mortal

" blow

" blow which, else, perhaps, had descended
" on the Monarch.

" Some officers came up, among whom
" my father was, who was the General's
" most intimate friend, and they and young
" Walstein bore his father to his tent. The
" King, in consternation, followed; and the
" surgeons, having examined the wound,
" declared he had only a few moments to
" live. His son, kneeling by his bedside,
" gave way to grief the most unbounded;
" and incessantly repeated, " Oh! my
" father, my dear father, why was it not me
" they killed!" The General collected the
" little remaining strength he possessed to
" console and recommend his son to the
" King. " I commit him, Sir," said he, " into
" your hands; he has partook my peril and
" my glory; and he, like me, will learn to
" live

"live and die in the defence of his King "and country. You will be to him a "father, he faithful to you as I have been, "and thus both to you and him I ſhall "be replaced.—And for you, young man, "weep not; ſhew more fortitude, and envy "the glorious death I die. Inſtead of griev- "ing, think of deſerving, by your cou- "rage, the auguſt father to whom I dying "confide you."

"Yes," ſaid the King, exceedingly af- "fected, claſping the young Count in his "arms, "I will be a father to him, and "never, ſo long as I live, will forget that "for my ſake he loſt his own." He ſhall "henceforth be my ſon and friend; and, "to prove it, I now, inſtantly, give him a "commiſſion in the guards, which will fix "his reſidence near me, during his youth,

"and

" and which is but the beginning of the
" good I intend."

" The young Count, wholly devoted to
" affliction, anſwered not; perhaps, did not
" hear what the King had ſaid. Gratitude
" and happineſs however again were viſible
" in the countenance of the expiring Ge-
" neral, and animation once more roſe to
" thoſe eyes which the ſhades of death had
" half obſcured; he ſtretched out one hand
" to his King and the other to his ſon,
" and, making a laſt effort, ſaid to the lat-
" ter—" My ſon—your ſiſter—my dear
" little Matilda—to you I confide her and
" the care of her future happineſs—Poor
" girl!—But you will love, you will be a
" father."

" He could ſay no more; the young
" Count would have replied, but inceſſant

" ſobs

" ſobs choaked up utterance; he only could
" kiſs the General's hand, which he did
" with ſuch an enthuſiaſm of affliction as
" might well aſſure the dying father of the
" love and obedience of the ſon. Alas!
" that hand was already cold, and the
" next moment the breath departed from
" the General, who lay reclined in the arms
" of *my* father, to whom, likewiſe, expiring,
" he ſaid, " Lindorf, you love my chil-
" dren. Oh! my King, my ſon, my friend,
" grieve not for me, for I die the hap-
" pieſt of ſubjects and of fathers."

" Perhaps, Madam, theſe affecting in-
" cidents are not unknown to you, but,
" if ſo, I ſtill thought it my duty, on
" the preſent occaſion, to recall them to
" your memory. Yet I have reaſon to
" ſuppoſe you wholly unacquainted with
" them,

" them, and that they will make the ſame
" impreſſion on you they did on me when
" my father, a witneſs of this affecting
" ſcene, has taken pleaſure in recounting
" it to me. How has it warmed my heart!
" How has it incited admiration and a de-
" ſire to emulate the young hero who, at
" ſo tender an age, had ſaved the life of
" his King, and diſcovered ſo much cou-
" rage and ſenſibility! With what ardour
" did I deſire to become acquainted with
" him, attach myſelf to him, and imitate
" his virtues as far as for me imitation was
" poſſible! How often have I intreated my
" father to take me to Berlin, that I might
" ſolicit the King to permit the young
" Count of Walſtein to come and paſs ſome
" months at our houſe!

" My father's ill health had obliged
" him to quit the ſervice a few years after

" the

" the death of the General; since which
" time he constantly remained at an
" estate which lies in the farther part of
" Silesia. Several years were passed there
" before the passionate desire I had to see
" the Count could be gratified; I was too
" young to appear at court, and being en-
" gaged in my studies these could not be in-
" terrupted; nor could my father, notwith-
" standing his frequent solicitations, prevail
" on the King to suffer his adopted son out
" of his sight, for whom his attachment
" daily increased.

" Never, perhaps, was there so great a
" favourite, and never, perhaps, was there
" so deserving a one. Far from profiting
" by the partiality of his master, and accu-
" mulating wealth and honours to himself,
" he sought only to make others happy;

" and,

" and, instead of being envied, was adored.
" The name of the young Count of Wal-
" stein was never pronounced without affec-
" tion and praise; every father proposed
" him as a model to his sons, and every
" mother wished him the husband of her
" daughter; though few, indeed, might
" flatter herself with such a hope. The
" King openly said he himself would give
" him a wife, and the King destined the
" most amiable of women for Walstein.

" Oh, Caroline! Caroline!—Yet, have
" I a right to murmur?—No, you ought to
" appertain to the best of men; you, only,
" could reward the virtues of Walstein, and
" Walstein, only, could merit you.

" At last, the long wished for moment
" of meeting the Count arrived. Return-
" ing

" ing from a moſt fatiguing campaign,
" young Walſtein, having need of reſt,
" added his entreaties to thoſe of my father,
" and ſupplicated permiſſion of the King to
" paſs a part of the ſummer at Ronebourg,
" the eſtate at which my father reſided.
" The King had not the power to refuſe him
" any thing, and his requeſt was granted,
" though reluctantly. I heard the news
" with tranſport. He came, and I found
" that Fame, inſtead of having exaggerated,
" was ſtill far beneath the truth. The
" Count was in the very prime of life; he
" was then four and twenty, and to the moſt
" dignified figure, and features the moſt
" beautiful, he added a countenance incre-
" dibly expreſſive; his eyes were the very
" mirror of his mind; in them were painted
" benevolence and ſenſibility, and, when-
" ever any trait of virtue or of courage

" was related, they perfectly flashed with " animation and pleasure; he was tall, his " legs were remarkably handsome, nor is it " possible to convey the pleasing sensations " that the symmetry of his person and his " whole appearance inspired.

" I see your surprise, Caroline——Yes, " such was your husband, and such your " husband would still have been, if—— " O, Caroline, I implore your pity; never " did wretch stand in greater need of com- " passion.—You cannot imagine the hor- " rible tale I have to tell; you cannot have " the most distant conception of the pangs " I feel at recollecting that, perhaps, in a " moment, you will detest me—Yet, no; " the good, the gentle, the tender Caroline " will weep over my destiny, will pardon, " and, I hope, forgive; for, though great

" have

"have been my crimes, yet, surely, great "
"is my present punishment."

Tears and contending passions took pos-
session of the soul of Caroline, obliged her
to rest, and the manuscript dropped from
her hands. She cast her eyes on the box
that contained the portrait, comprehended
whose it once was, reached out her arm to
take it, and, without daring to touch it,
as suddenly drew back. The palpitations
of her heart were violent, her ideas disor-
dered, her imagination bewildered, and it
was necessary to recollect herself, for a mo-
ment, ere she could again begin reading.
She sighed profoundly, dried up her tears,
once more glanced at the box, again turned
her eyes away, took up the manuscript, and
continued with an emotion that augmented
at every line.

" I was in my nineteenth year when Wal-
" ſtein came to Ronebourg, and, notwith-
" ſtanding the difference of age and ſitua-
" tion, his kindneſs outran my hopes by
" the moſt delicate offers of friendſhip,
" which, to me, was as neceſſary as it was
" flattering; for I then ſtood in the utmoſt
" need of a friend. My heart panted after
" ſome one who could underſtand it, to
" whom it could open itſelf, and who
" could participate its feelings. I was diſ-
" tractedly in love—Yet, no, it is profana-
" tion ſo to uſe the word. I loved not. I
" have ſince too well known what love
" really is, ſo to confound the two ſenſations
" —But I was ardently, inordinately, deſir-
" ous of obtaining a young woman of abſo-
" lutely obſcure birth; yet, whoſe beauty
" might have placed her on a throne. Yes,
" Caroline, Louiſa was indeed beautiful; ſhe
" muſt

"must have been, otherwise, I could not "think her so now, could not tell you so "at this moment."

The heart of Caroline had undergone such variety of trials, and so severe, that it is not wonderful she felt herself affected at this place. She leaned back, for a moment, on her chair; had recourse to her smelling bottle, and, when she was somewhat recovered, again went on.

"Louisa was the daughter of an invalid "serjeant (my father held it a duty to main- "tain a certain number of invalids) and of "one of my mother's maids. The old "couple lived a quarter of a league from "Ronebourg, on a small farm, which my "parents had given them as a reward for "past services. During my childhood I

" was continually with them, continually
" in the arms of the good Cicely, who had
" nurſed me, and who loved me as dearly
" as ſhe did her own ſon, Fritz; who, in
" theſe my boyiſh days, was my intimate
" friend. Louiſa, younger by ſome years
" than he, was ſtill dearer to me; for I
" could not quit the farm of the good
" Joſſelin, her father, nor live ſeparate from
" her a moment; and when they ſent me
" to the Univerſity I ſhed as many tears at
" taking leave of Cicely, Joſſelin, and, par-
" ticularly, the little Louiſa, as in quitting
" the houſe of my father.

" I obtained permiſſion to take Fritz
" with me. I was ignorant, then, that this
" lad was, naturally, as vile and deceitful as
" his parents were honeſt; or, I ſhould ra-
" ther ſay, his baſeneſs was not at that time

" come

" come to maturity. I saw him acute,
" active, faithful, and zealous for my ser-
" vice and my interests. He was the son
" of my nurse, the brother of Louisa. How
" many claims, therefore, had he on my
" confidence and love! They were not for-
" gotten, and he was esteemed rather as a
" friend than as a domestic.

" Some years stay at Erlang greatly en-
" feebled the remembrance of the farm, and
" the pleasures of childhood; yet were
" they occasionally revived by letters that
" Fritz received from his sister, and shewed
" me. These always contained some short
" article concerning her young master, which
" was so tenderly expressed, and she recom-
" mended Fritz so urgently to love him, to
" serve him faithfully, asked so earnestly
" concerning his health and welfare, that I

" melted while I read them, and felt great
" impatience again to see her by whom they
" were written.

" Among them came one which informed
" Fritz of the death of his mother, my
" good and dear nurse. The grief of Louisa
" was real and affecting, and painted with
" so much sensibility, an energy so power-
" ful, and so native to a noble heart, that,
" at hearing it read, the most rugged na-
" ture must have been moved. I, too, was
" sincerely afflicted for her who, ever since
" my birth, had bestowed the most tender at-
" tentions on me. I wept her death more
" than Fritz, and was far less easily con-
" soled. I have since recollected that one
" day, when I spoke of my sorrow for the
" death of his mother, a phrase escaped him
" which I did not then interpret as I do
" now.

"now. "You may see Louisa with much "less difficulty," said he. Had age and "experience better taught me, this would "have sufficiently unveiled his odious cha-"racter; but I, at that time, preserved that "sweet innocence which suffers us not to "suspect evil.

"A short time after I was recalled home. "I returned to Ronebourg, and arrived "there some months before the visit of the "young Count of Walstein took place.— "The very next day I ran to the farm of "Josselin, accompanied by Fritz; but, "good God! what were my feelings when "I beheld Louisa, and saw the amazing "change which a few years had made in her "person! Never before had I beheld a "being so beauteous. She was in mourn-"ing, and her black vest, while it marked

" her elegant form and ſhewed her ſlender
" ſhape more ſlender, gave a fine contraſt to
" one of the fineſt complexions Nature ever
" beſtowed. Her cheeks glowed with ani-
" mation and pleaſure at the return of her
" brother, and young maſter; her large
" dark eyes were powerfully and affectingly
" expreſſive, and her hair, black as the
" ribband by which it was decorated, falling
" in large treſſes on each ſide, made freſh-
" neſs look more freſh, and added bright-
" neſs to the vivid colours of youth.

" Pardon me, Caroline, for thus dwelling
" on circumſtances which, to you, cannot
" be very intereſting; and which, now, to
" me, are become only indifferent, except as
" they may prove ſome alleviation to ex-
" ceſſes into which a moſt ungovernable
" paſſion hurried me; for never can my

" crime find forgiveneſs, unleſs in the ſu-
" periority of that beauty by which it was
" inſpired; its effects, alas! were the moſt
" ſudden and the moſt deplorable!

" When I ſat out for the farm, I had re-
" ſolved, in the gaiety of my heart, to let
" Louiſa gueſs which of the two was her
" brother; and had, therefore, dreſſed my-
" ſelf nearly like him; but the ecſtaſy, the
" trouble, the deſires, of my ſoul, preſently
" betrayed me. Fritz laughed, and ſaw,
" with joy, the impreſſion his ſiſter had
" made on me. Louiſa ran with open arms
" and pleaſure in her eyes, but, ſuddenly
" ſtopping when ſhe came to me, ſhe made
" me a ruſtic courteſy, which I thought
" all grace, and, falling on her brother's
" neck, melted into tears.

" I was as much affected as she, and the " good old Joffelin came to add to our emo- " tion. He received me with tenderness " and respect; we went into the house, and " there he spoke to me of Cicely, the man- " ner of her death, the greatness of his " affliction, and recited all she had said, in " her dying moments, relative to Fritz and " me. I wished to answer, but I could only " behold Louisa and weep with her. Jos- " selin, afterwards, talked of his children, " and asked if I was satisfied with his son. " As for Louisa," said he, " she is a good " girl; she takes care of me, and the house- " hold affairs, and supplies the place of her " mother better than could be expected: " so long as she continues prudent, and her " brother behaves well, I shall be easy and " happy, and, after a while, shall, in my " turn, again go and meet my dear Cicely.

" When

" When I am gone, I truſt to God and " my Lord the Baron to take care of my " ſmall family, in whom, my children, I " hope you will find conſolation for the loſs " of your poor old father."

" Louiſa ran into his arms. Fritz, alſo, " approached, but he appeared to me but " feebly moved; or, rather, I beheld only " Louiſa, the beauteous, the affectionate, " the tender Louiſa; and I could have " wiſhed, like her, to have kneeled to the " old man, to have called him my father, " alſo, to have taken his hands and have " preſſed them to my lips. The father of " Louiſa was to me, at that moment, the " moſt reſpectable of beings.

" It was time that a ſcene ſo affecting " ſhould finiſh. My heart was over-charged

" and

" and might not contain all these throng-
" ing sensations, and I left the farm, bear-
" ing, in this captivated heart, the image of
" Louisa and the fever of love. Fritz per-
" ceived all this, because he waited and
" wished it all. A connection between his
" sister and me made him suppose my fa-
" vour certain, and his own fortune made.
" Perhaps, his ambition went farther still,
" and flattered him he might become the
" brother of his master. His base and in-
" terested mind regarded not the dishonour
" of his family, or of mine, if he only
" could receive benefit thereby; he, there-
" fore, took every means in his power to
" blow up the flame by which I was de-
" voured, and in which he succeeded but
" too well.

" Is not Louisa well grown and exceed-
" ingly handsome, Sir?" said he. " What

" a pity

" a pity would it be if ſome ſtupid lout
" ſhould poſſeſs ſuch a treaſure of charms!
" For my part, I verily believe I ſhould ra-
" ther ſee her the miſtreſs of a great Lord,
" like you, than the wife of a ruſtic who
" would never know half her worth."

" This, and other ſimilar converſation,
" diſguſted me not, though it would have
" done, no doubt, before I had ſeen Louiſa.
" The dear idea of poſſeſſing her, no mat-
" ter by what means, tranſported me; and
" I, every day, ſwallowed deeper draughts
" of the poiſon by which my feeble heart
" was infected; every day went to the
" farm, under the pretext of courſing or
" ſhooting, and was always kindly received
" by Joſſelin and his daughter, when they
" were together. As ſoon as I arrived,
" Louiſa would run to the dairy, fetch me
" a bowl

" a bowl of milk, cut me some brown
" bread, and, sometimes, eat with me. The
" good Josselin would recount his ancient
" exploits and campaigns, while emptying
" his bottle of beer. I feigned to listen
" while my eyes were continually searching
" Louisa and devouring her beauties; and
" never could I leave the place without an
" increase of passion.

" If I found her alone, all her former
" pleasing attentions, all that air of friend-
" ship and satisfaction were gone, and a
" marked embarrassment was ever apparent.
" She began a sentence and left it un-
" finished; sometimes seemed affected, and
" ready to weep; then, no longer master of
" myself, would I approach her with ec-
" stasy, venture some little liberties, and
" recall to her mind the sports of our infancy.

" But

"But she ever repelled me with so firm, so "serious, so decided a tone, that it awed "my audacity, and inspired headstrong pas- "sion with fear.

"When I returned home I would com- "plain to Fritz of his sister's reserve, con- "jure him to see her, to speak in my fa- "vour, and to prevail on her to grant me "more of her friendship and confidence. "He would laugh and assure me I was be- "loved, passionately beloved, that he knew "it well from the confusion in which Louisa "always appeared when we were alone, "which was a certain proof. "But these "young girls," said he, "who, in fact, only "wish to yield, wish to have some excuse "for yielding."

"Emboldened by this hope, I would re- "turn to the farm. If Josselin was pre- "sent

" ſent I was received with every poſſible
" kindneſs, if not, the ſame continual em-
" barraſſment took place, and, if I became
" preſſing, the ſame reſiſtance. This con-
" duct drove me to deſpair, and my love,
" at length, knew no bounds.

" Such was the trouble and efferveſ-
" cence of my paſſions when the Count of
" Walſtein came to Ronebourg. Louiſa
" was the whole world to me, for Louiſa
" only I exiſted, and Louiſa I muſt poſſeſs
" or die was the continual exclamation of
" my heart. The very reputation of the
" Count for prudence was ſufficient to de-
" ter me, for ſome days, from making any
" avowal of my paſſion. At firſt I was
" afraid of his over powerful reaſon, but
" the Count knew ſo well how to con-

" ceal

" ceal his own ſuperiority that he himſelf
" ſeemed unconſcious of it. His mind,
" while it was ſtrong and ſublime, was ſo
" gentle and affectionate, and, to a ripened
" wiſdom of age he ſo naturally added all
" the graces and vivacity of youth, that,
" after a ſhort acquaintance, all fear and
" conſtraint were gone.

" His indulgent nature was ſo conci-
" liating, ſo winning, that, one day, as we
" were walking together, and he was rally-
" ing me on the abſence, the apparent dif-
" traction of my thoughts, I ventured to
" inform him of the cauſe, and to open my
" whole heart. To him I made a recital
" much like that you juſt have read; I
" omitted no circumſtance, and all was re-
" peated with that warmth and enthuſiaſm
" which well were deſcriptive of the paſſion

" by

" by which I was devoured, while he " ſeemed to liſten with the utmoſt emotion " and concern. When I had ended, he " took me by the hand, and claſping it " with all the ſympathy of affection, " O " Lindorf," ſaid he, " my too youthful, " too tender friend, what a mountain of " affliction art thou heaping on thyſelf!"

" He was proceeding to give me ſome " advice, but I interrupted him. " It is " not advice," ſaid I, " dear Count, that I aſk; " it is compaſſion and indulgence, it is " your conſent to ſee my Louiſa, and, till " you have ſeen her, not to paſs judgment " on me." So ſaying, I forcibly drew him " towards the farm.

" Louiſa was alone, and very melancholy. " She appeared as if ſhe had been weep-

" ing,

" ing, but this only made the greater im-
" preſſion on me; the ſurpriſe of ſeeing a
" ſtranger, as we entered, ſpread her beauti-
" ful face with modeſt bluſhes; and her ti-
" midity and embarraſſment heightened her
" charms. She recovered herſelf, and re-
" ceived us as well as poſſible. I obſerved
" ſhe often looked at the Count, and that
" ſighs occaſionally eſcaped her which ſhe
" endeavoured to repreſs. As for Wal-
" ſtein, he beheld her with aſtoniſhment,
" and turned, afterwards, and looked on
" me with eyes of affliction.

" We took a walk round the little
" kitchen garden of Louiſa. There were a
" few flowers, intermingled, and ſhe ga-
" thered each of us a violet. I could not
" help obſerving ſhe gave the fineſt of them
" to my friend; but, certainly, this was

" nothing

" nothing more than politeneſs, and I could
" not be jealous of the Count, whom ſhe
" had never ſeen before; no, I was only
" pleaſed that ſhe behaved ſo as might beſt
" obtain his good opinion. Nothing, I ob-
" ſerved, eſcaped him; the good order of
" her little garden, the neatneſs of her per-
" ſon, and the cleanlineſs of her houſe; he
" ſaw them all, and felt them all.

" We took our leave, and, at a little diſ-
" tance from the houſe, met Joſſelin, who
" was returning from the fields. His long
" white hair and venerable figure ſtruck the
" Count. " This," ſaid I, " is the father
" of Louiſa." Joſſelin came up, and ſpoke
" ſome time with his uſual good ſenſe;
" after which we parted and continued our
" way. I walked beſide the Count without
" uttering a word, my anxious and inquiſi-

" tive

" tive eyes endeavoured to penetrate his
" thoughts, but he likewiſe kept ſilence.
" At length, I could forbear no longer—
" Well, my dear Count, tell me, am I ſo
" very culpable for adoring Louiſa?"

" Not, at preſent," replied he; " you
" are yet only unfortunate; ſhe deſerves to
" be adored"—Then tenderly embracing
" me, " No, you are not culpable," added he,
" but, perhaps, another day, and you may
" be——Fly, dear Lindorf, fly that dan-
" gerous girl; there is no other poſſible re-
" ſource. If the moſt ſincere the moſt
" tender friendſhip may any way ſoften
" the pangs of love, mine ſhall be wholly
" yours. I will not forſake you, will
" go with you to Berlin, or take you to
" my own eſtate, or, in fine, wherever
" you pleaſe, provided it be far enough
" from Ronebourg."

" Fly!"

"Fly!" said I, "Fly Louisa! Live "without Louisa! No, never, never."

"And what, in the name of heaven," re- "plied the Count, with ardour, "do you "think of doing? What are your hopes? Do "you mean to *marry her?*——Remember "your parents, and think whether you "also mean to *murder them.*——Do you "wish to seduce her? I cannot suppose you "would entertain an idea so dishonourable, "so abhorrent. Louisa is the picture of "virtue and innocence. And her respect- "able aged father, who esteems, who loves, "who receives you as if you were his own "son, would you betray the confidence he "reposes in you by bearing that from him "which of all things on earth is to him the "most precious? No, Lindorf, you never "can be guilty of an act so atrocious. Lin-

"dorf

" dorf will liſten to the voice of honour,
" of reaſon, of true friendſhip, and, if he
" ſhed tears, they ſhall not be the diſtract-
" ing tears of guilty remorſe."

" The features, the voice, the eyes of
" the Count aſſumed an expreſſion and
" energy which are impoſſible for me to
" convey; and with conviction irreſiſti-
" ble aſſailed the heart. A Deity ſeemed
" ſpeaking! A ſupreme Intelligence, de-
" ſcended from Heaven to enlighten and
" ſave! Every word he pronounced was
" ſo different from what I daily heard from
" Fritz, and I had been ſo little accuſtomed
" to behold my paſſion under ſo criminal a
" point of view, that I was abſolutely ſtruck
" ſpeechleſs, and ſtood before him abaſhed.
" The Count obſerved me, knew what was
" paſſing in my mind, and, tenderly taking

"me by the hand, "I ſee," ſaid he, "the "reaſons I have urged have made ſome "impreſſion on you, and that virtue will "ſoon regain her empire. Come, my "friend, come with me, and aſk your "father's permiſſion to travel awhile. We "will depart to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" cried I, in all the pangs "of returning paſſion, "depart to-morrow! "From Louiſa! See her no more! Igno- "rant whether I am beloved, whether I "ever may ſee her again! No, Walſtein, "no; hope it not; it is too much; it is "at once to plunge a dagger to my heart." "Then, leaning my head againſt a tree, "and ſhedding tears, I added, "I feel the "force of what you have ſaid: it is but too "true. Ah! wherefore had I not a friend "like you in the beginning of this fatal "paſſion?

"passion? But it is now too late, a devour-
"ing fire scorches me up, and now I feel,
"too powerfully feel, there is no alter-
"native but Louisa or death—Yet will I
"endeavour, in part, to follow your advice;
"to remain some days without seeing her,
"without going to the farm; but let me
"have the consolation of being near her.—
"Alas! dear Sir, I am a sick man, to
"whom nursing and precaution are neces-
"sary, and whom a remedy too violent
"would immediately kill."

"The Count owned I was right, and
"mildly endeavoured to calm and console
"me. He remained satisfied with the pro-
"mise, which I repeated, of not going for
"some days to the farm, and, no doubt,
"hoped, by degrees, to bring me to con-
"sent to a longer absence.

"In the evening I complained of not "being well, that I might thus impose an "obligation upon myself of keeping my "chamber; for I felt, if I should leave it, "my feet would, instinctively, conduct me "to Louisa; but a feigned sickness would "deprive me of the liberty of going. Yet "could it not be said to be feigned; for I, "for several days past, had had an inward "fever, the usual consequence of violent "passions. I slept little, and eat less; this "excessive change alarmed my parents, but "I assured them that a few days of rest and "proper care would presently restore me. "Walstein failed not highly to praise my "fortitude, left me but seldom, and, while "with me, took every means to increase "and give force to reason, and greatly re-"lieved the torment of passion; but the "moment he left me it as suddenly resumed

"its

" its empire, to which Fritz, indeed, con-
" tinually was aiding, by his inſinuations
" and diſcourſe.

" He had perceived, from ſome few
" words he had heard, and even from what
" had eſcaped me myſelf, that the Count
" oppoſed my love for Louiſa; and this
" fellow was, therefore, only the more in-
" duſtrious to keep it alive and enflamed.
" Nor were any great efforts neceſſary; for
" no ſooner was I ever alone with him than
" I began, in ſpite of all my endeavours to
" be ſilent, to ſpeak of his ſiſter. He aſ-
" ſured me ſhe ſecretly moaned my abſence
" and my indiſpoſition, and that, for four
" days, during which ſhe had not ſeen me,
" ſhe had done nothing but weep. " Poor
" girl! 'tis quite piteous to ſee her, my
" Lord; ſhe loves you to diſtraction; and

" then she keeps it all to herself; no soul " but I *knows* it, but I *does* all I can to " comfort her; I *tells* her she is not the " first country lass that has loved a great " Lord, and I *says*, how happy she would " be with you; for, to be sure, you are so " good, and so generous, that, certainly, " you would never forsake her."

" These kind of conversations, continually " repeated, too potently contributed to in- " crease passion and enfeeble fortitude. One " day, the fifth or sixth of my retreat, the " Count having left me to go a shooting, " and Fritz having spoken for a whole hour " of Louisa and her love for me, unable " any longer to resist, I broke loose, like a " child whose guardian had left him to him- " self, and flew to the farm, hoping to be " back before the return of the Count.

" Joselin

" Joſſelin was gone to the field; and Louiſa
" left alone in the houſe. Her wheel ſtood
" by her, yet was ſhe not ſpinning, but,
" leaning on her elbows, ſhe had covered
" her eyes with her handkerchief. At firſt
" ſhe did not perceive me, but, hearing
" the noiſe the ſhutting-to of the door made,
" ſhe looked up, and exclaimed, bluſhing,
" Good God! my Lord, is it you? I was
" told you were very ill, and am exceed-
" ingly glad to ſee that"——

" I did not give her time to finiſh her
" ſentence; the affection which I imagined
" theſe few words contained, her bluſhes,
" and her eyes, red and humid with tears,
" all confirmed me every thing Fritz had
" told me concerning her love was true.
" Enchanted, in ecſtaſies, at ſeeing her again,
" and at ſeeing her thus ſoft and tender, I

"flung myself at her feet, and know not "what I said. No longer master of my "reason, I expressed myself with such en- "thusiasm and fire that Louisa was terri- "fied, but she could neither stop me nor "break from me; I had seized both her "hands, which, with great agitation and "force, I held, while I devoured them "with my kisses.

"Just at this instant the door opened, "and in came the Count—I know not "which of the three seemed most con- "founded. The surprise of being thus "caught made me quit Louisa's hands, who, "the moment she was free, fled precipi- "tately; I rose, but durst not look up "at Walstein—At length, "Are you here, "Lindorf?" said he. "I left you in your "chamber, and I find you at the feet of "Louisa.

"Then

"Then you did not come to seek me?"
"replied I; with amazement still superior
"to his own.

"I know not what passed at this instant
"in my mind; I certainly did not suspect
"the Count; no, I did not; and yet could
"I no way account for this his unexpected
"arrival at the farm. I had, at first, sup-
"posed that, having been home and not
"finding me in my chamber, he had mis-
"trusted where I was gone; but the sur-
"prise he discovered had wholly eradicated
"that idea.

"No," said he, recovering himself, "it
"was not you I came to seek; I wanted to
"speak to Joslin; I will tell you on what
"subject." Then taking me by the arm,
"he brought me away before I could again
"see Louisa.

"As soon as we were out of the house, "he told me his serjeant was recruiting at "the neighbouring village, that he had "just been speaking to him, and finding "he had enlisted several young men, with "whom he supposed Joselin to be ac- "quainted, he had come to make inqui- "ries concerning them. This appeared "plausible, and half dissipated the vague "kind of inquietude I had involuntarily "felt.

"And now," said the Count, "permit "me to ask you, in your turn, what you "were doing there; and what saying, to "Louisa, in an attitude of such supplication, "and a tone so vehement? Forgive me, "Lindorf, but you have granted me your "confidence, and of this confidence I "should be most unworthy if I did not

"endea-

" endeavour to protect you from this worſt
" of dangers. You promiſed me to remain
" a week without ſeeing Louiſa; what then
" could be the intention of this ſecret
" viſit?"

" To convince myſelf that I am beloved,
" and in that caſe—

" Well; what then?"

" Why, then,—to ſacrifice every thing
" to Louiſa; to renounce all for her; fami-
" ly, country, fortune, friends: ſhe to me
" would be all, with her would I fly to the
" end of the world, if ſo it were neceſſary.
" I have offered her the choice of a ſecret
" marriage or an elopement; and I am de-
" termined on the one or the other. I aſk
" not the Count of Walſtein to aſſiſt me

" in this enterprize, but I depend upon his " diſcretion."

" And has Louiſa conſented?" ſaid he, " with emotion.

" She has not anſwered me; you, ſud- " denly, came in; but ſhe was greatly af- " fected; her tears, her manner, every thing " ſpoke her tenderneſs; beſide, I am very " certain I am beloved."

" It is poſſible you may deceive your- " ſelf," ſaid the Count. " I think I am " more certain that Louiſa loves another."

" Loves another!" repeated I, with phrenzy—" But, no, it cannot be; Louiſa " is all innocence; ſhe never is from home, " ſhe ſees only her father, brother, and " me."

" And

"And one more," replied the Count; "a young peaſant, called Juſtin, as I be-"lieve; nay, I am aſſured he and Louiſa "have been lovers theſe three years, and "that Joſſelin has refuſed his conſent to "the marriage only becauſe Juſtin is poor. "If, however, he be beloved"——

"Unable any longer to liſten, my blood "boiling in my veins, and jealouſy mad-"dening in my eyes, I ſeized the Count by "the arm, looked ſteadily at him, with wild "diſtraction, and demanded from whom "he had his information--My countenance "was ſo frantic, to which my voice was "ſo correſpondent, that Walſtein was "alarmed.

"In the name of Heaven! Lindorf," "ſaid he, taking me by the hand, "be "calm;

" calm; dear Lindorf, recover yourself; I " may have been misinformed or deceived; " I will inquire, however, and particularly; " that I promise; ere long I will let you " know from whom I received my infor- " mation, and whether it be or be not " exact. But, indeed, Lindorf," added he, " in a tone of the deepest affliction, " you " rend my very heart; there is nothing I " would not do, or suffer, to restore you to " yourself and happiness."

" Happiness!" said I, in a low voice; " happiness exists not without Louisa."

" The friendship, however, of the Count, " and his affecting and tender manner made " me somewhat more composed. I fancied " he had been ill informed; I knew this " Justin, and never had had the least suf-

" picion

" picion of him; he was a poor orphan,
" whose sole advantage seemed to be a good
" person hid under a dress so mean that it
" was an attestation of his extreme poverty.
" Educated by charity in the parish, he
" had been made shepherd to the vil-
" lage. I had often heard speak of the ac-
" tivity, honesty, zeal, and even courage
" with which he did the duties of his
" place; the flocks all prospered under his
" care, and he knew how to cure most of
" their diseases; he could defend them,
" likewise, and had, already, killed several
" wolves which came to attack them. The
" country people vaunted of his talents.
" He worked prettily in osier, and carved
" with his knife, for he had no other tool;
" his voice was fine, and he played exceed-
" ingly well on the flageolet, untaught, ex-
" cept by nature, and perhaps love. I had

" often,

"often, while out a shooting, stopped to "listen to him; but never had it entered "my imagination that the poor shepherd, "Justin, could be my rival. Louisa had "appeared to me so very much above him; "though, indeed, to me, she had appeared "above the whole world. Yet, led now to "reflect on these circumstances, I could not "help remembering their birth was equal, "and a trifling difference of wealth the "only distinction. Justin, too, was a hand-"some lad, and I well recollected that, in "my continual visits at the farm, I had "often met Justin and his flock in the vi-"cinity; but he was always with them, "and never had I seen him at the farm; "nay, I had often spoken of his songs and "flageolet to Louisa and her father, but "they always had appeared not to pay the "least attention.

"Thus,

"Thus, by turns, tortured and relieved,
"I knew not what to think; though a rival
"like Juſtin was too humiliating not to
"make me endeavour to doubt. No ſooner
"was I alone than I called for Fritz, who,
"intimate with his ſiſter, and very often at
"his father's, ought to know ſomething of
"this affair. I interrogated him, very ſeri-
"ouſly, concerning Juſtin, his intercourſe
"with Louiſa, their pretended love for each
"other, and the ſecrecy with which it had
"been kept from me.

"At firſt, he appeared greatly confuſed;
"but, afterwards, denied every thing;
"ſpoke of poor Juſtin with the utmoſt con-
"tempt, aſſured me his ſiſter thought like
"him, and would be exceedingly offended
"at ſuch reports; and concluded by aſking
"me from whom I could hear ſuch a falſe-

"hood.

"hood. I had the imprudence to name "the Count!"

"My Lord, the Count," answered Fritz, "shaking his head, "knows very well what "he is about; he takes care not to tell you "it is he himself who loves Louisa; and "that this very morning——but one must "not tell all one knows."

"He pretended to be going to leave the "room, but I commanded him to stay, and, "after pressing him repeatedly, he told me "that, ever since the first day I had brought "the Count to the farm, he had become "passionately in love with Louisa; that, "while I kept my chamber, not a single "day had passed on which the Count had "not come to the farm, and endeavoured "to seduce her by the most flattering and

"advan-

" advantageous offers; nay, that very morn-
" ing, that he, Fritz, had caught him with
" her, and that the Count had tried to
" bribe him to ſecrecy. " Perhaps," added
" Fritz, " I ſhould have ſaid nothing, be-
" cauſe, to be ſure, I don't like to vex my
" Lord; but ſince I ſee he wiſhes to ſcan-
" dalize my ſiſter, by pretending to talk of
" her loving a beggar, like Juſtin, I can no
" longer hold my tongue. To be ſure, I
" would wiſh to conſult my Lord thereupon;
" for, though I know Louiſa is a very vir-
" tuous body, and that ſhe loves my Lord
" too much to love any body elſe, yet who
" can anſwer for theſe young girls? My
" Lord the Count is ſo rich, and ſo preſſing;
" and, beſides, he is his own maſter; he
" has neither father nor mother, and theſe
" are plaguy great temptations. Then, if
" he ſhould go about to run off with her,

" for

" for he loves her ſo deſperately that he " would do any thing to get her, would it " not be better for us to be before-hand " with him? If my Lord pleaſes, we will " put her out of his reach in a twinkling; " for my part, I have always ſaid, and al- " ways ſhall ſay, I would rather my Lord " had her than any body elſe."

" My agitation while Fritz was ſpeak- " ing was exceſſive; I walked, or rather " ſtrode, about my chamber, not knowing " what to think of the Count; my eſteem " for him was ſo rooted that I could " not perſuade myſelf he might be guilty " of ſuch perfidy. Were what I heard true, " his perſuaſive, his affecting, his powerful " eloquence, which ſeemed the effuſion of " the pureſt friendſhip, would have been no- " thing more than deceitful artifice to re-

" move

" move me from Louisa, and snatch from " me this object of my adoration. I could " not support the horrible idea; it ap- " peared wholly incompatible with the " known character of the Count, and, " sternly looking at Fritz, I commanded " him to leave my presence, and no longer " insult my friend by falsehoods totally un- " deserving belief.

" I did more, I intended to go to Wal- " stein, and undisguisedly inform him of " what I had heard; certain that a single " word from him would presently efface " every remaining trait of suspicion. I " went, but I found my father with him, " who did not leave us the whole evening, " and before whom such a conversation was " impossible. Theirs turned on the duties " of society, morality, and true honour.

" The

" The Count said many things, on these sub-
" jects, so strong, with such natural con-
" viction, expressed himself with such a
" noble energy of mind, and such a purity
" of heart, that I inwardly blushed for
" having a moment doubted of his virtue,
" and promised myself never to doubt more.
" I resolved, likewise, not to speak to him
" on the subject; for to suspect a man like
" him of such an action, I was convinced,
" was equally foolish and disgraceful. Be-
" side, to have mentioned it I must, in some
" measure, have made my footman his ac-
" cuser, which was too degrading; I was,
" therefore, determined to be silent myself
" and to make Fritz silent also, whom a
" false zeal for my service might have de-
" ceived.

" But, while repelling from my memory
" all his accusations against the Count, I still

"was resolved to profit by his assistance in "carrying off his sister. I admired the "principles of Walstein without the power "of imitating them; or, rather, I wilfully "shut my eyes on the consequences of the "act. I imagined my benefactions would "console the aged Joffelin. Madman, that I "was! as if gold could console a father for "the loss of his child; and a child, too, "like Louisa. But I was incapable of rea-"son. Fatal and terrible effect of the pas-"sions, how much are they to be feared, "since they can lead a naturally upright and "virtuous heart thus dreadfully astray!

"Walstein came the next morning to my "chamber before I was up; he was dressed "and booted. "Lindorf," said he, "I "am going to the village to meet my ser-"jeant and examine my recruits. I do not

"ask

" ask you to go with me, because I intend
" to call at the farm. I want to speak with
" Joffelin. After your scene of yesterday, I
" suppose both you and Louisa would be
" equally embarrassed in the presence of a
" third person; and I inform you that I am
" going," added he, smiling, " in order
" that, should you once more escape from
" yourself, you may not be once more sur-
" prised." After affectionately pressing my
" hand, he left me.

" This visit to the farm, of which he
" spoke so openly, ought rather to have re-
" moved than confirmed my fears. He
" could not know what Fritz had been say-
" ing to me; therefore, there could be no
" insidious mystery; and yet I was very un-
" easy; tormented by suspicions of I know
" not what; suspicions which, notwithstand-
" ing,

" ing, I could not wholly ſubdue. I rang " my bell, Fritz was not to be found, but " one of my father's ſervants came in his " ſtead; he was a native of the village " where he went every day, and I aſked " him, with all the indifference I could aſ- " ſume, whether the ſerjeant of Walſtein " was there, recruiting. He anſwered in " the affirmative, and, moreover, that one " of his own brothers was enliſted; as, like- " wiſe, was that Juſtin, whom the Count " had pretended was the favoured lover of " Louiſa. " My Lord the Count," ſaid " he, " is ſo good a nobleman, and ſo " kind an officer, that all the young men " wiſh to ſerve under him."

" This ſimple panegyric made me bluſh " at my own doubts; tranquil, therefore, " reſpecting the Count and this Juſtin, I

" thought of nothing but carrying off
" Louisa, and living and dying for her.
" This idea was for ever fermenting in my
" head and my heart; and, at twenty, when
" devoured by a passion so unconquerable,
" youth is not apt at imagining reasons
" which should counteract it, nor at fore-
" seeing difficulties; seconded by Fritz,
" all things appeared possible, and I waited
" for him, with impatience, that we might
" hold consultation together. Fritz, how-
" ever, came not, and the Count returned.
" Wholly occupied by my own projects,
" and held in restraint by his presence, he
" observed the difference of my manner,
" and very unaffectedly told me so. I saw
" he wished to penetrate my thoughts, and,
" unwilling to deceive him more than ne-
" cessary, I spoke as little as possible, yet
" enough to let him understand I persisted

" in

"in the design I had mentioned the even-
"ing before.

"After dinner, he left me, as he said, to
"go to his apartment and write some let-
"ters; and, after they were finished, we
"were to ride out together. Anxious to
"take advantage of the moment, the only
"one, perhaps, I should have to myself, I
"would have instantly flown to Louisa to
"have obtained her so much desired con-
"sent to go off with me; but I might find
"her father with her, and my going would
"have been fruitless. A letter, therefore,
"which I could privately convey to her,
"would remove this inconvenience, and I
"immediately sat down to write. The
"disorder of my mind was visible in every
"line. My propositions of flight were re-
"newed; eternal love was vowed; pro-

" miſes of compliance to all her wiſhes re-
" peated and ſworn to with all the exag-
" gerations of paſſion. I requeſted an an-
" ſwer, and referred her to her brother for
" our mutual arrangement.

" I had folded up my letter, and was got
" to the door, when Fritz, whom I had not
" ſeen all day, entered my chamber, haſtily.
" You, yeſterday, Sir," ſaid he, " treated
" me as an impoſtor. Where do you ſup-
" poſe my Lord the Count this moment
" is?"

" My blood inſtantly ran cold——" In
" his own chamber," anſwered I. " Why
" that queſtion?"

" Not in his own chamber, but in my
" ſiſter's, where I juſt have ſeen him with
" my own eyes."

" Take

"Take care what you say——Walstein!
"—Impossible?"

"You may convince yourself, Sir; only
"go, and you will find him, either there or
"in the garden, waiting for Louisa, for she
"was not at home, nor my father either.
"The Count sent a boy to seek Louisa,
"instantly; I heard him, he did not see
"me, and came, immediately, to tell you,
"Sir, that you may be convinced I am no
"lyar."

"As Fritz proceeded, my rage increased,
"till it was soon ungovernable. To be
"imposed upon with so much perfidy and
"baseness!——And by whom? By the
"man I venerated, the man in the world
"I most respected, and the friend to whom
"I had confided the secrets of my soul!—

"I sent Fritz away, and, almost mechani-
"cally, seized my pistols, loaded them with
"ball without perceiving they were loaded
"before, and, putting them in my pocket,
"went out with a fury that approached
"madness, and was presently within sight
"of the farm.

"It was necessary to pass by the far end
"of the garden, where, the hedge being
"low, I saw the Count, impatiently walk-
"ing, and incessantly looking towards the
"garden door, which was opposite to where
"I stopped. Before I had time to deter-
"mine how it was proper for me to act, the
"garden door opened, and Louisa, the
"timid, the modest Louisa, from whom I
"never could obtain the smallest favour,
"ran, with open arms, to the Count, who
"opened his to receive her, kissed his
"hands,

"hands, preſſed them between hers, and "on him fixed her fine eyes, ſparkling with "love and pleaſure.

"I ſcarcely know how I recovered, for "I felt as if I had received the ſtroke of "death. A cold, a mortal cold, froze up "my blood; my ſtrength abandoned me, "and I was obliged to ſupport myſelf by "leaning againſt a tree. Rage preſently "again brought me to life; again my eyes "were caſt towards the fatal garden; the "lovers, for I no longer doubted they were "ſo, were expreſſing themſelves with all "the warmth of ſenſibility; the counte-"nance of Walſtein ſhone, as it were, with "bliſs, and never had I beheld it ſo illu-"mined. I could not hear their diſcourſe, "but, by their geſtures, it ſeemed as if he "ardently entreated ſomething which Louiſa

" feebly refuſed. At laſt, the Count took " out a purſe, which appeared full of gold, " preſented it, which, after another mo- " ment's heſitation, Louiſa received with a " half confuſed half tender air.

" The Count kiſſed her, and both toge- " ther re-entered the houſe, juſt at the very " moment I was going to leap the hedge, " and, perhaps, immolate two victims to " revenge. I was no longer maſter of my " actions, and ſhould certainly have taken " away my own life, if I had not imme- " diately ſeen the Count leave the farm, " with all the tranquillity of innocence and " virtue, which I interpreted into the tri- " umph of ſucceſsful love.

" Defend thyſelf," ſaid I, " traitor," run- " ning up to him with my piſtols; preſenting " him

" him the handle of one and the muzzle of " the other to his heart; " Deprive me of " the life which thou haſt rendered miſer- " able, or let me rid the world of a per- " fidious monſter!"

" He would have laid hold of my arm, " and have ſpoken to me. " I will hear " nothing," ſaid I, " defend yourſelf! I am " capable of any miſchief!"

" So ſaying, I clapped the mouth of my " piſtol to my own forehead. Happy, " moſt happy, had I been had I drawn the " trigger! But the Count prevented me, " and, taking the piſtol—" You are deter- " mined," ſaid he; then, drawing back a " few paces, fired it in the air. Mine was " diſcharged at the ſame moment; but " mine, for ever curſed be that moment,

" took

" took a fatal, an abhorred direction. I
" saw my friend stagger, and fall, bathed in
" his own blood, and saying, " Alas! poor
" Lindorf! when you shall know—Ah!
" how much more will you be to be pitied
" than I."

END OF VOL. I.

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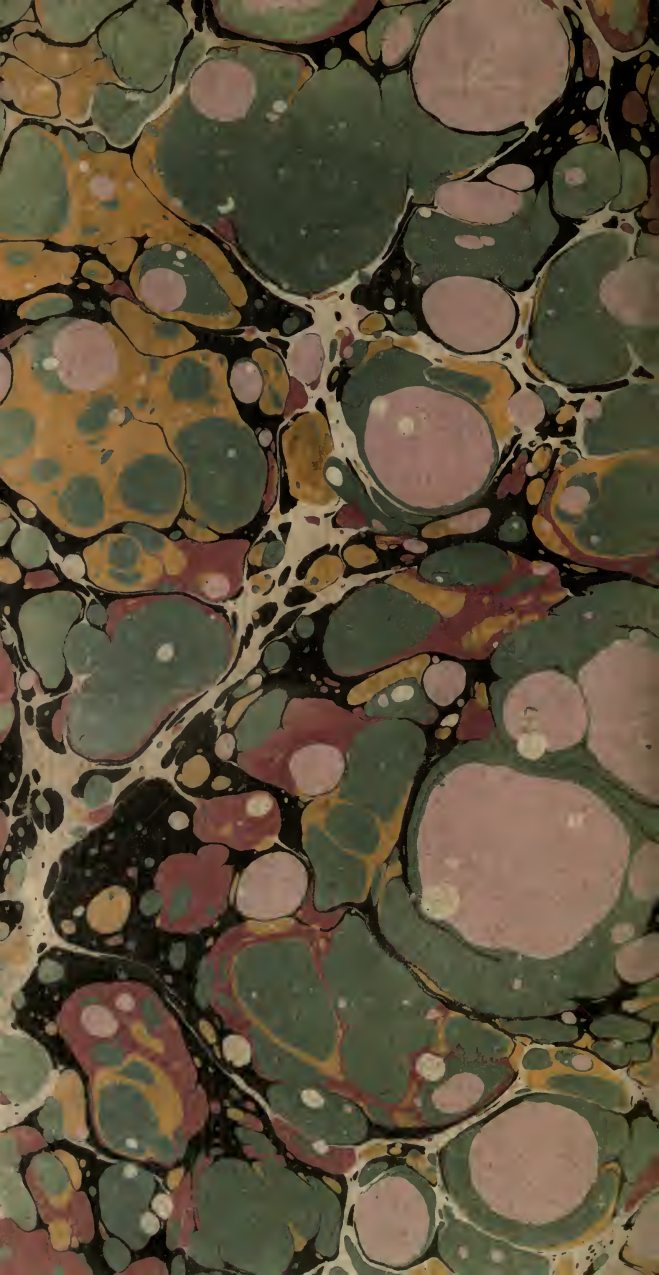

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